

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WAR

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Events of the Week.

MR. GEORGE'S Ministry is young in years, but it is already so "re-constructed" that its father (or fathers) may find a difficulty in knowing it. Sir Edward Carson has left the Admiralty, where he did nothing, and been admitted to the War Cabinet, where he can frame policies that affect the lives of millions. The inner circle, which alone counts, now consists of three Tory Imperialists, one (non-resident) Labor man, and Mr. George. Sir Edward Carson's old place is given to Sir Eric Geddes, whose ability as a constructor of railways is undoubted. The outer courts of Mr. George's Government are also furnished with fresh acolytes. The door has at length opened on Mr. Montagu's patient figure, and he succeeds Mr. Chamberlain as Indian Secretary, after a speech in which (with or without knowledge of his appointment) he urged a policy of Home Rule. He has received advanced notice from the bureaucracy that they will not stand it. Another change is Mr. Churchill's appointment as Minister of Munitions. He replaces Dr. Addison, who retires somewhat precipitately from that position, and will now reconstruct labor in general, leaving the reform of Woolwich to his successor. These changes have not been received with enthusiasm. The Liberal Press criticizes the Carson appointment, the Tory Press that of Mr. Churchill, and Tory deputations of protest are already marching on 10, Downing Street.

THE Royal House have dropped their German titles and sub-titles, and will appear in future under the English style of the House of Windsor. This implies that their grandsons may bear courtesy titles only, and their great-grandsons become plain commoners. The change may be wise, and in any case it is unimportant, for it comes long years after the real pro-Germanism of the English Court had ceased to exist. Strong in mid-Victorian days, when it did something to hatch the Prussian Kingdom into the German Empire, it ended with the anti-German Edward. More important, as it seems to us, is it for the King's advisers to save the Throne from the charge, not of pro-Germanism, but of unreality. The story of the Royal "joy-ride" to the front has not been pleasant reading. The war is a terrible tragedy. As such, it is not the appropriate setting for a pageant of mock fights, in which our airmen risk their lives not against the Germans, or for the protection of the capital, but for the amusement of Royalty.

* * *

THE Russian Provisional Government has this week been confronted with a crisis more dangerous because more complicated than that which ended in the resignation of M. Miliukoff. It opened with a disagreement between the Socialists and the Cadets in the Cabinet over the Ukrainian question. The Ukraine had, like Finland, practically declared its independence of Russia, and had set up its own Republican Government at Kiev, with its own Foreign Secretary and War Minister. The feeling in this big area with its "Little Russian" (or Ruthenian) population of 30,000,000 is chiefly nationalistic, but also partly economic, for the small landowning peasantry does not share the socialism of the Russians. At first, the Provisional Government had failed to take this movement sufficiently seriously, and was content to say that it favored Federalism, but could promise nothing definitely till the Constituent Assembly met. The result was that the Ukrainians began to talk of independence instead of autonomy, and organized it in a way that threatened the military operations on the South-Eastern Front. Thereupon delegates from the Provisional Government, with Tseretelli at their head, went in hot haste to Kieff, and negotiated a treaty with the Ukrainian "Rada" (Council) which was a complete capitulation. The Ukraine is guaranteed the extremist form of autonomy, including a separate army.

* * *

THE Cadets in the Cabinet refused to endorse these terms, and argued that the delegates had exceeded their powers. There is much to be said in theory for their contention, but Russia is threatened by dissolution, and has no means of enforcing the general will at this moment, either on the Ukraine or on Finland. The sequel was the resignation (since withdrawn) of four Cadet Ministers, of whom M. Manuiloff is the chief. M. Nekrasoff remains in the Cabinet and quits the Cadets. Prince Lvov (the Premier) and M. Terestchenko (Foreign Minister), though Liberals, are not Cadets, but "Progressists." As the news of this crisis got abroad the Leninists thought the moment opportune for demanding the resignation of all the "capitalist"

Ministers, among whom they include M. Kerensky. They wanted a solidly Socialist Ministry. The view that the Provisional Government will necessarily be unstable, while it remains mixed, is held by many Socialists who are not of Lenin's faction. It would be more plausible if the Socialists themselves were likely to be united. The word was then passed round for one of those demonstrations by the armed "Maximalist" soldiery of Petrograd on which the Leninite Minority relies to impose its will.

* * *

THE demonstration took place on Monday, and was big and formidable. It arrested one Minister and threatened others. The famous machine-guns mounted on lorries which upset Tsardom were paraded, and, in some fit of madness or suspicion, began to fire on crowds of harmless citizens. On Tuesday some boatloads of Maximalist sailors arrived from Cronstadt, and they too demonstrated in the same fashion. These latter demonstrators were fired upon from houses, presumably by *agents provocateurs*. As usual in Russia, honest fanaticism works amid obscure forces, and no one knows how far its excesses are spontaneous, and how far they are inspired by agents of the old *régime*, or even by German spies. The Provisional Government and the City Council issued suitable exhortations to order, but took no adequate measures, either because they dread civil war or because they have few reliable troops in the Capital. The Cadets and the Maximalists, both small minorities, are both out to upset the Provisional Government, which, though it has the immense majority with it, cannot defend itself with energy. Some occasional disorder is probably a lesser evil than civil war and the counter-revolution which might follow it. The Cabinet crisis has, meanwhile, been postponed. The present combination will carry on for a fortnight, until a congress of all the Russian Workmen's Councils can be held in calm at Moscow. It may decide itself to take over the Government.

* * *

THE crisis, which seemed in Mr. Lloyd George's words, to promise "the democratization of Germany," has ended for the moment in something much less. A successor has been found for Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg in Dr. Michaelis, a comparatively obscure Under-Minister or upper official, and the manner of his appointment gives a direct negative to the movement for responsible government. The party leaders were not consulted before he was chosen, and he is the last person whom any of them had in view. A man of sixty years, who had escaped so far any kind of distinction or originality, he has been for the last eight years Prussian Assistant Minister of Finance. Called in recently as a subordinate food-controller he showed energy, and fought the highly-placed profiteers (including a fellow-Minister) with decision and not without noise. Of his opinions we know nothing, and little seems to be known. They are probably neutral and official, and certainly not advanced. The German Press is very reticent about him, but the advanced papers hope for nothing from him, and one of them describes him as the candidate of the Prussian metallurgical interests. His policy is to be one of preserving "internal unity," a phrase which in the current jargon of German politics has a definite meaning—the postponement of all questions of domestic reform. The only exception is apparently the Prussian franchise, which, as an addendum to the Kaiser's Easter rescript announcement, is now to be made equal as well as direct and secret, in time for the next elections.

* * *

THE history of this Chancellor crisis is still a matter of guesswork. It is known that Hindenburg and Ludendorff were fetched up to Berlin to assure the political world that the military situation is promising. They interviewed Ministers, party leaders, and, finally, editors. It is surmised that the Crown Prince played an active part, of course, on the Junker side. Austria is said to have intervened to support the late Chancellor, who undoubtedly wanted to reconstitute his Ministry on a Parliamentary basis, to set up some kind of controlling Standing Council of the Reichstag, and

to work for peace through democracy. The decisive intervention came, however, from the Bavarian Government, which is believed to have vetoed Parliamentary government, though apparently it is urgent for peace. Its reason doubtless is that, through the Federal Council of the Empire (Bundesrath), the Bavarian Government has more control over German policy than it would have on any fair basis of population on a democratic system. The Prussian population is almost two-thirds of all Germany.

* * *

THE worst consequence of the crisis is that the Parliamentary Coalition, suddenly improvised by Herr Erzberger, is breaking up. The National Liberals were the first to quit it, and now the Centre is wavering. The Coalition to achieve Democracy seems to have disappeared; and the resolution drafted in this sense has either not been published at all or has not leaked out of Germany. On the other hand, the Block does seem to survive on the question of war-aims, and will, apparently, go on with its resolution on this subject. It is a good formula, which asks for "peace by agreement," and aims at a "permanent reconciliation of the nations." It sketches a settlement on the basis of "economic peace," "the freedom of the seas," and "the organization of international law." As to annexations, it says, "the forcible acquisition of territory and political economic or financial usurpation are incompatible with such a peace." This is a good basis, on which the nations might negotiate. But will it suffice without the democratization of Germany? On the one hand, Germany does seem to be so far democratic that the majority can lay down its own basis for peace. On the other hand, this majority is impatient to appoint its own rulers.

* * *

THE Government has been forced by the hostility of Parliament and the Press to withdraw its proposal to appoint a semi-judicial Commission to try the persons inculpated in the Mesopotamia Report. Mr. Bonar Law announced on Wednesday that the officers concerned will be dealt with in the ordinary way by the Army Council. There action is to end. An angry debate followed on the adjournment, in which Mr. Dillon and Mr. Anderson led. Their general case was that Lord Hardinge escapes, because he can use great social influence, while the obscure military officer is broken. Mr. Balfour, in a passionate reply, declared that if Lord Hardinge was to leave the Foreign Office, he also would quit it, and added that his responsibility for Mesopotamia was exactly the same as that of Ministers. Though the speaking was all against the Government, it won on a division by 176 to 81. The net result is certainly unsatisfactory. Mr. Chamberlain, whose personal record was good, resigns and recognizes his Ministerial responsibility; Lord Hardinge, with a worse record, remains in office; and Mr. Churchill, censured for the parallel Dardanelles affair, comes back to office. We have no sympathy with the hunting-down of victims, nor do we think Lord Hardinge's Indian record discreditable, though it was uninspired and timid. But the handling of this affair by this Government has been calculated to bring all government into disrepute. However, it is all to the good that Parliament is becoming increasingly master of the situation. The Government flout it, but it forces them to act.

* * *

THE curtain which has fallen on Spain when a general strike seemed imminent, has been lifted for a moment. Martial law still prevails, but the danger comes no longer from the Socialist workmen nor from the rebellious officers, but from the "regionalist" tendencies of Catalonia. The deputies and senators of Catalonia have demanded a special session of the Cortes to meet in Barcelona, and have themselves called upon it (failing a regular summons) to meet there on the 19th. Many deputies of the advanced parties are said to have set out for Barcelona, and evidently the intention is to convert Spain into a Federal Republic of autonomous provinces. The Government has made some arrests, including the Secretary of the Socialist leader, Lerroix. In Barcelona

all the advanced parties and movements converge—Socialism, Republicanism, and even Anarchism—and there, too, the lately rebellious officers' Professional Union has its headquarters. What bearing, if any, these movements have on Spain's attitude to the war is unknown.

THE sudden rebellion of General Chang Hsun, and the restoration of the Manchu dynasty has come to an ignominious end. The Republican armies acted promptly under the leadership of the ex-Premier, Juan-Chi-Jui, carried Peking by storm, and drove the leaders of the rebellion to take refuge in the foreign Legations. The inner history of this disturbance is evidently a footnote to the world-war. The Entente, led by the American Minister, persuaded the ex-Premier, who is regarded as a "militarist" by the Chinese, to declare war on Germany. The Parliament wished to remain neutral, and resented the attitude of the military chiefs. Thereupon Germany saw her chance, and bribed the Manchu party to make a dynastic counter-revolution. These are her usual tactics, and will properly injure her dying influence in the Far East. But the diplomacy of the Entente has not been too happy. Between the two contending parties China has been a helpless pawn, and her peaceful evolution has been gravely compromised.

THE Russian offensive has gone through some vicissitudes during the week, and there seems to have been some miscalculation of support. As a rule, the Russian leading on the southern front has been as prudent as it was bold, and the troops have rarely retreated in the midst of an offensive movement. But the week's fighting shows a balance in favor of the enemy. It may be only a temporary set-back, though it is almost impossible for the offensive to continue its successful march while there is grave disorder behind the front. There are many reasons why the German troops should be attracted to this sector of the front. On plain military grounds the Russians could not be allowed to advance upon Dolina. Already, they had hewed a breach in the enemy defences that threatened Hungary as well as Lemberg; and the Germans, who are more stubborn in clinging to the idea of victory, are bound to go to the help of their Ally. The German rally began on Sunday, when heavy reinforcements struck at the most westerly point of the Russian advance. Our Ally had thrown his troops across between thirty and forty miles of the River Lomnitsa, an advance in places of some sixteen miles. The westernmost point of the advance was but ten miles from the old line, and it was there, where a small sector of the line lay across the river, that the Germans struck their first counter-blow. It was accompanied by a stiffening of the resistance to the effort of the Russians to cross the river immediately to the south.

But the Germans could not prevent the Russians from improving their positions, on the whole, and taking 1,600 prisoners. On the following day the enemy's greatest pressure was transferred to where the Russian positions ran north-east of Kalusch. At this point the Germans were able to threaten the rear of the town. But they had effected little until Tuesday, when the pressure from the north-east and north-west became so great that the Russians abandoned the lower course of the Lomnitsa and with it Kalusch. Later in the day the Lomnitsa positions were abandoned altogether, and the Russians fell back to the Bereznitsa, a few miles to the east. The latest development of the German counter-offensive is a blow at the sector north of Brzezany, where the Germans claim to have produced a breach in the Russian lines. But they make no secret that the fighting has been severe, and, as the Russians are now well found in artillery and ammunition, it was doubtless costly. There is no reason to think the Russian offensive concluded. General Brussiloff has other sectors he can set in motion, and last year's offensive was carried out on the plan of working a sector until it became stable and then striking elsewhere. Between July 1st and 13th the Russians took prisoners 834 officers and 35,809 men, and captured 93

heavy and light guns, 28 trench mortars, and 403 machine-guns. These figures give some indication of the scope of the operations, and they represent a considerable victory.

THE most important events on the Western Front have been the tactical gains in the Moronvilliers region and on the western sector of the Verdun defences. These two local offensives on the part of the French have been interposed in the long series of German counter-attacks on the Aisne and Champagne fronts. Each of them achieved immediate success, and was productive of counter-attacks. The attack in the Moronvilliers region was delivered towards evening on Saturday, and the last points of observation were secured, with 360 prisoners. German counter-attacks began at once, and there have been a number of attempts to retrieve the positions; but they still remain substantially in French hands. On Sunday night for a short time they were almost all lost; but in a swift recoil they were re-taken. A more significant operation was that in which General Guillaumat recaptured the ground taken by the enemy, west of Hill 304, on June 29th. The success was achieved so easily that the troops went on and captured the first two defensive systems with 425 prisoners. The ground, which materially strengthens the positions about Hill 304, has been consolidated against all counter-attacks.

FULLER accounts of the recent German success reverse the moral balance-sheet even if they do not explain the reason of the British failure. The sector was held by detachments of King's Royal Rifles and Northampton, and it is to be doubted if our total numbers engaged equalled the number of prisoners claimed. The bombardment began early in the morning, and it was soon clear that the men across the river would be cut off. The bridges were down behind them, and to warn the regiment on the right a man had to swim across the Yser. About six o'clock in the evening dense masses of marine infantry advanced against the handful of troops, whose defences had been beaten to dust, and the largest body were surrounded, but fought till they fell. Some other detachments fell back to the river, dived in, and swam to the other side. The Staff of the King's Royal Rifles were followed to their tunnel headquarters, and when last seen were fighting with their revolvers. We can admire this splendid stand, and contrast it with the general behavior of German troops when surrounded. But we are no nearer to an explanation of the reason for the loss of these men. "The Expert Commentator" now informs us that the positions, or part of them, have been recovered. The whole affair is really a minor episode, apart from the heroic defence of the British troops. Even the Germans do not say their prisoners were *unwounded*. But it should not have happened.

LITTLE by little the relevant facts about the recent air raids upon London are being disclosed. The raiding squadron lost four machines, and we also lost four. Two of our aeroplanes were destroyed by the enemy and two crashed to the ground from "other causes." Two British pilots were killed, one pilot was wounded, and one observer died from wounds. Why could not these facts be made known at once and not left to be extorted from Mr. Macpherson's equivocating lips? But they do not make pleasant reading. The German raiders fly over London, drop their bombs, and escape with a loss of machines which is only equal to our own, and probably a loss in *personnel* that is little higher. Mr. Brace refuses to disclose to the public the number of casualties due to our shell-fire, and he cannot, therefore, wonder that we pay small attention to his assurance that they are "not so numerous as had been suggested." Meanwhile, the aerial fighting at the front seems to grow in intensity, and is bound to take a more decisive part in the forthcoming struggle. The employment of large formations is becoming more the rule and less the exception. The reorganization of the Air Service on an independent basis is clearly necessary.

Politics and Affairs.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WAR.

"If by a pacifist is meant a man who demands an instant peace, regardless of its terms, without thought for the present and without hope for the future, then no one is a pacifist who is not a lunatic. But if by a pacifist is meant a man who desires a speedy and just, and a permanent peace, then everyone is a pacifist who is not criminal."—*Lord Buckmaster.*

THE Government has this week made formal advertisement of the capital defect of its design. It was made in December. It has been re-made in July. In the interval, hardly a week has passed without some minor change of structure. The War Cabinet, which is its centre, has from the beginning presented a succession of shadow-shapes that come and go, looming up from the dim background of mere administration. This instability is not accidental, but is inherent in Mr. George's conception of government. His administration sprang from a Cabinet intrigue, and was formed without the co-operation of Parliament or the people. The House of Commons played no part in the fall of Mr. Asquith, and the country only heard of it when his successor had mounted the vacant throne and assumed the sceptre. A Government so formed was bound to make mistakes, for it was a mistake in itself, and the error of its existence could only be retrieved by depriving it of the force it usurped. This is what in effect has happened. In the Committee on Expenditure, the Committee on Re-Examinations, and the debates on Mesopotamia, Mr. George has had three sound illustrations of the inherent force of Parliament. Of his many projects the only one that has prospered has been the Reform Bill, which was created and mothered by Parliament. His own vessels have had a rougher voyage. National Service is dead, and it only remains to register its formal extinction. The exposure of the ludicrous scandal of the Exceptions Act is proceeding, and will be complete when his own very special responsibility for it has been fixed. The Corn Production Bill is a forced gift of industry to agriculture and its parasite landlordism. The quarrels of the departments are one sign, and one only, of the general looseness of structure. They can only be ended either by the gradual revival of the Cabinet system in its best features, or by a fresh intervention of the Parliamentary power. In any case, innovation is over so far as it threatened a serious break with the Constitution. The Ministry is too weak to hurt anything but itself. It lives a perilous life by virtue of its association with the war, and by that alone.

But now the deformed has been transformed, and to a shape which, we are afraid, accentuates the vice of the Administration. Mr. George's cleverness is revealed in the double stroke which puts Tory Imperialism in charge of the household, and sets a couple of new Liberal Ministers to answer the bell. But the scheme of readjustment betrays the miscarriage out of which it arose. Sir Edward Carson fails at the Admiralty, and is promoted to the War Cabinet. Dr. Addison falls out with one department of Labor, and has now to face the entire body of its discontent in a scheme of reconstruction, with Mr. Churchill's finely irritating quality to help him. We hope against hope that Mr. Montagu goes to the India Office as the author of experiment in Home Rule. But Mr. Montagu's ideas of Indian reform, whatever root of sincerity and goodwill they may contain, have to pass the high wall of prejudice which Lord Curzon's personality and record represent. Behind Lord Curzon the bureaucracy has already raised in the "Times" its ancient banner of revolt. And Liberalism is bound to look with suspicion on changes whose general scope further diminishes their control of national policy in an hour when the complexion of the world is changing to democracy. If this is the feeling of British Liberalism, what must Nationalist Ireland think of the elevation of the man responsible for the Irish

Rebellion and the triumph of Sinn Fein? To-day, for the first time since 1886, no strong Irish Constitutional party is left to stand between the living and the dead—between our crumbling system of government and the unformed and rebellious spirit of New Ireland. There lies the finished work of Sir Edward Carson. Having taken two able architects of ruin to his inner counsels, Mr. George has now added a third, the most destructive of them all. His own part in the loss of Home Rule is not a small one, and he has only himself to blame if having asked Ireland to cut down her promised Parliament to something like a Provincial Council, he is confronted with a sudden rise of her demand on us to the scale of an independent Republic. He has now thrown out the Convention as a raft to save the policy of conciliation from total shipwreck. And the first news which greets its assembling delegates is the elevation of the chief wrecker to the War Cabinet! The reaction in Ireland over the Carson appointment may be guessed. She will take it as a revival of the policy of partition which Sinn Fein has destroyed. The Ulster representatives in the Convention will feel that their power at court is greater than ever. And Sinn Fein will gather more and more of the force of Nationalism within the circle of its highly infective influence.

The collapse in Ireland, therefore, closes in a wide landscape of failure. But it is on the future of Europe, and the fortunes of the Continental struggle, that the Government's narrowing fate depends. What of the war and the policy of the war? The disease which is eating into the heart of the world is now nearly three years old. The nations suffering from it have reached a point of exhaustion at which none of them can expect a life comparable in happiness with that which they lived in the days before the war. The pulse of civilization is slowing to a standstill.* Birth-rates, marriage-rates, are falling in all the fighting centres; the war waste is so great, and its indirect consequences are so appalling, that the populations of Western and Central Europe may remain stationary for years. These attenuated centres seem condemned to a long period of mutual distrust, and to an internal ferment of ideas hostile to every established thought and custom. Who is taking thought for such a morrow? We hope that our statesmanship is not regardless of it. The Prime Minister came into power on a journalistic cry that the war must be won, and a journalistic legend that he was the man to win it. But in a true and valuable sense, it was won before Mr. George's reign began. The Empire is safe; the virtue of its sons have attested it on scores of battle-fields and sealed with their blood. Moreover, the great German political "offensive" exists no longer. Germany may gain a dozen victories on the field but she has lost the war, and every force that her industry can store must henceforth be concentrated on the task of saving what is left her from the immense wreckage. In particular, the German rate of exchange has fallen so heavily that she can no longer exist as a great commercial country, save by the grace of her enemies. What, then, is there to do? What but to consolidate these gains to European stability by weaving them into a system of inter-State security? The hopes of society rest on a peace of confidence—the revival of the Christian comity of Europe and the world, through an appeasement of the passions that are tearing them asunder. That revival, again, depends not on the military issue

* See some conclusions of the Danish Society for the Study of the Social Consequences of the War, as applied to Germany and France:—

Estimated Total Loss of Life in Three Years of War:—
Germany—about 3,700,000
France—about 2,200,000

At the end of the first year of the war, there were only two Departments in France in which the number of births exceeded the number of deaths.

After three years of war it will only be possible for every sixth Frenchwoman to get married.

This takes no account of hundreds of thousands of wounded soldiers scarcely fit for marriage, and of the expectation that after the war France may expect an army of nearly 2,000,000 men weakened by sexual disease and tuberculosis.

Germany, according to Professor Oldenberg of Göttingen, must expect, should the war last much longer, to "miss" several millions of children and fathers. The reduction in the men best able to contract marriage is estimated at nearly two millions. Birth-rates and marriage-rates are rapidly declining.

In France, polygamy is being discussed as a remedy for the disproportionate number of women.

of the war, but on the character of the peace. What is our Government's contribution to that end? At present it barely exists. We have been led to expect a Conference of the Allies and a re-statement of their terms. The Conference does not sit, and the word is not spoken. We do not even know whether the fatal policy of a war after war, proclaimed by the "Times," and echoed, in the language and spirit of the Paris Conference, by the "Business Committee" of Unionist members, does not still govern the counsels of the Government, if any counsels exist. Beyond a flying phrase or two, weighted with double meaning, statesmen talk only through the cannon's mouth; and the whole burden of responsibility for ending the war is thrown on the millions of devoted boys who have thrown their cup of joy into the welter. But speech is the essence of democracy, and while we wait for the democratization of Germany, we can well ask Mr. George to produce some evidence of the democratization of England.

THE CHANCELLOR CRISIS.

It requires a Chancellor crisis to exhibit to us the really anti-popular character of the German system of government. It is an essentially mixed constitution. The Reichstag rests on manhood suffrage, and, save that a redistribution of constituencies is seriously overdue, there is no fault to be found with this basis. Its powers over taxation and legislation are ample, and invest it with a measure of control which it might use effectively, if it chose to be bold. When a Chancellor has held office for a few years he may become, if he has personality and the power of magnetic speech, in some sense, a popular leader. Bismarck would have been the natural Premier if Germany had had Parliamentary government in his day; he would have been President, if she had had the constitution of the United States. The main task of a Chancellor always is to manage, if not exactly to lead, the Reichstag. It is only when a new Chancellor is chosen that one is sharply reminded of the fundamental defect of this singular system. The Kaiser has just given his people one of these periodic reminders of his omnipotence, and one hopes that it may come to them with something of a shock. A mature people of seventy millions has just been told that for a term of years it is to be governed by an unknown man, who was last week an obscure official. His personality has yet to be revealed, his opinions, if he has definite opinions, are a secret. Our plan of choosing our rulers largely because they are effective public orators may not be ideal. But, at all events, the men who govern us are known to us. For years before they attain power they have been revealing their minds to us. Some years hence Dr. Michaelis, if he has character, may have become a leader; to-day he is only a superior clerk. That the Kaiser has chosen to use his power to nominate his house-servants in this peculiarly significant way has, to our minds, the look of a provocation. If the democratic ferment is really as active as we suppose, it must seem to the Germans also an extreme assertion of autocracy at a moment when their minds are turning towards self-government. Its effect, if there is any vigor in this movement, must be to stimulate and to consolidate it.

The few sentences in which the official Wireless Press announced the nomination of Dr. Michaelis and defined his policy were so jejune and colorless, that they attracted no attention. They may have had a meaning. They announced that the new Chancellor would strive for "internal unity," which means that he will postpone internal reforms, and they quoted two adverse opinions from the press on his appointment, one from the outspoken Radical and pacific "Berliner Tageblatt," and the other from Krupp's organ, the militarist and reactionary "Deutsche Tageszeitung." The suggestion seemed to be that he is likely to please everyone, except the extremes on either side. "Internal unity" is, at this moment, a relative phrase, and no one could use it without reference to the startling fact that the Reichstag has just achieved unity on a wholly new basis. The new

Block, or Coalition, is decidedly of the left and centre, composed, as it is, of the Majority Socialists, the Radicals, and the Clerical centre, for it seems to have shed its uncertain fringe of National Liberals. If Dr. Michaelis does not hope to satisfy the "Tageblatt," it follows that he does not intend to govern through the new Block. He conceives his majority, the majority for which he will play, as a more conventional combination, excluding the two extreme wings. Hitherto, a German Chancellor has stood in front of the Reichstag groups, as a painter stands in front of his colors. He picked up a shade of red or blue at his choice, and combined his Liberal-Conservative, purple, Imperial shade to please his own æsthetic fancy. The colors were passive: one had only to squeeze them a little, and the pigment would always yield the desired shade. But as we see the situation, the colors are no longer lying passive in the box. They are blended already. The dramatic interest of the future lies in the question whether Dr. Michaelis will succeed, as his predecessors usually did, in combining these groups so that they will follow his direction, or whether, on the contrary, the Reichstag will maintain a permanent coherent personality of its own. That is and has always been the central question in German politics. It is the question whether officials or representatives shall rule. We are not sure whether it can be tested at once. War disarms every Parliament, and, in the last resort, the Reichstag cannot assert itself imperatively unless it refuses to vote the credits—a barely conceivable act of revolt in the face of the enemy. It is, moreover, to be adjourned in a day or two. All it can do at the moment is to talk plainly and to pass resolutions.

Those of us who hoped that the effort of the Germans themselves to achieve democracy would lead promptly to a true peace have reason to regret Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's fall. He lacked resolution, and in the end ruined himself by his hesitations. It is probable, however, that he had at last resolved to act, and to act in the sense of the policy of the Block. He was forced to resign, because the Kaiser, after a long balancing of the opposed forces, dared not—thought it imprudent to take the plunge into democracy. What those balanced forces were we can only guess. At their head were undoubtedly Hindenburg and Ludendorff, and their work during their sudden visit to Berlin was clearly to convince everyone, from the Kaiser to the party leaders and the journalists, that the military situation is promising, and that "a German peace" may be hoped for. At their side stood the sinister figure of the Crown Prince, always the advocate of the Junkers, and he may have represented to his father that the family heirloom of omnipotence must descend to him intact. In the third line stood the Bavarian Government, which holds that the present federal constitution gives it more power in the Empire than it would wield under responsible government. How far the Kaiser was really won over to the Junker standpoint, or whether he chose a colorless Chancellor without a record, calculating that with such a tool he could always adapt himself to a changing situation, we can only guess. For the moment the rulers of Germany seem to have taken a stand against its representatives. The decision may be tragic, for it seems to compromise the hope which had everywhere begun to dawn, that we may be spared another winter of war.

It is idle to speculate as yet on chances which we cannot gauge, or to attempt to read the minds of men who have not spoken. There is, however, before us a document which can at once be appraised. The Reichstag resolution on peace, drafted by the leaders of the Block, is one of the most hopeful formulæ of its kind which the war has called forth. We cannot even now estimate it fully, for it accompanies a resolution on internal reforms of which the text has not yet been published in this country. We know only this: that the Block does realize that the democratization of Germany is an indispensable condition of the world-peace to which it looks forward. On this understanding, its resolution seems to us to lay down a basis on which sane thought on both sides may find much common ground. The opening statement that Germany took up arms in self-defence is, of course, no description of the mind of

the military caste and the capitalists of the Six Unions. But we are willing to assume that it reflects the belief of the people. The fighting phrases, at the end are inevitable at a moment when any approach to peace is liable to be interpreted by the other side as a sign of weakness. What concerns us is the body of the resolution, which sketches "the peace by agreement" and the "permanent reconciliation of the nations" to which the Reichstag Block looks forward. Here we think these German Parliamentarians have, in a few words, gone far towards defining some of the bases of a true peace. They realize that "economic peace" is essential to any "friendly community of life among the nations." They profess their zeal to promote "the organization of international law," a phrase which seems to assent in some degree to the idea of a League of Nations. We agree that "the freedom of the seas must be assured," and we think it must be assured by the international regulation of sea-power. These are three vital points in any enduring peace, and all of them lie outside the Russian formula, which was weak on the constructive side. One serious omission must be noted, however; the resolution makes no reference to disarmament. Without that, confidence is impossible, and Germany's assent to it must be the price of any concessions from us at sea. Finally, on the burning question of annexations, the Reichstag's formula, though elastic, lays down the essence at least of the negative side of our demand. It renounces "the forcible acquisition of territory, and political, economic, or financial usurpation." This excludes all violent annexations, all plans for the economic enslavement of Belgium, and all penal indemnities, but it does not preclude territorial changes by consent, nor financial compensations for damage. This formula does not concede all that we have a right to demand. But it is a repudiation of the designs which the annexationists have cherished at the expense of Belgium and France. If a German Government were frankly to adopt this programme, there could be no further bar to negotiation.

The German crisis is, however, only one element in the complex policy of the Central Powers. Hardly beset, Austria must also be reckoned with, and even Turkey seems to be restless under the strain of war. There is no doubt that Vienna supported, and may even have inspired, the democratic-pacific Reichstag movement. It is evident that Vienna is disturbed by the Chancellor's fall, and looks on his successor with apprehension. Count Czernin has his own idea of a peace through democracy. He has begun to prepare it at home. In spite of the inordinate difficulties of the task, the Reichsrath's Constitutional Committee is working out a scheme of Federalism, while in Hungary a democratic franchise is at last assured. But the sudden fall of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, who, in his hesitating way, was ready to forward this idea, has dashed the hopes that Germany will move to an early peace in step with Austria and Hungary. Here is a situation of which the statesmen of the *Entente* would avail themselves, if they could grasp an opportunity. A democratic federal Austria, as a Tchech leader put it the other day in the Reichsrath, will no longer be a German Colony. The adoption of this programme means the end of German hegemony, for it means that for all the Western and Southern Slavs Austria must become the rallying centre. Here is a barrier, infinitely more effective than the creation of little isolated Slav States, against the revival of any aggressive German designs in the East. There is only one circumstance which prevents a war-weary and internally transformed Austria from pursuing an independent diplomatic policy—the delay on the part of the *Entente* to disavow the programme of dismemberment, and to accept Federalism as a substitute. On the day that we bring ourselves to do this, we shall have shaken the Junker calculation to its foundations. It is our want of policy which presents Berlin with this reluctant ally. We have no quarrel with the new Austria, nor yet with the German people which has found its voice in the Reichstag Block. When we are ready to disavow schemes of conquest and dismemberment, we shall have isolated and outmanœuvred the Junker clique.

THE FRENCH DEFENSIVE.

It is easy to mistake the cessation of great movements on the Western Front for a period of inactivity. It is rarely possible in the midst of a great war to grasp the features of real significance and the degree of their significance. Even now, after nearly three years of the most tremendous struggle the world has known, after all the experience it has brought us, and the facts that have become disclosed, it is almost as hard as ever to give the exact meaning and measure of the first passage of arms on the Sambre. But after all that has happened from those days to this, it should be less easy to obscure the significance of present operations; and yet the true bearing of the events of the last two months on the Chemin des Dames Ridge and on the Moronvilliers *massif* in Champagne seems to have escaped attention.

The struggle of Verdun only came to be justly appreciated when it had been waged with apparently undiminished fury for some months. The series of operations on the Aisne and Champagne Fronts bears some resemblance to those directed against the Meuse fortress. Out of a vastly different beginning there has again emerged what can only be described as the clash of racial spirits. Verdun took on this final character after the first week of the battle, and there is the same ultimateness in the issue on the French centre. It is not wholly a military problem. There is behind it the complexity of military, political, and psychological motives that now characterizes the enemy conduct of the war everywhere. But chiefly the Germans aim at a psychological and political effect. It is now widely known that the French offensive against the German lines across the Aisne sector was very far from what it was planned to be. We can commend the fine courage of our Ally in acknowledging the fact, and we must note the statement in M. Painlevé's summing up that during the last few months France has "*successfully weathered one of the most dangerous periods of the war.*" It is exactly true. The French offensive came at a moment when hopes beat high. The Germans had fallen back over a considerable length of their front, and to many people this seemed the beginning of the end. The inference was reinforced when the British secured at one bound the Vimy Ridge, which had resisted so many earlier attacks. It was in this atmosphere that the French struck on April 16th. General Nivelle may have been infected by the optimism from which proceed, in M. Painlevé's words, "those bold plans the grandiose conception of which but thinly cloaks emptiness and lack of preparation." When the offensive had been checked and the losses counted, a wave of depression set in. This was the German chance. As at Verdun, they set out deliberately to break the French spirit. This is the third month now of a stern and terrible struggle, in which the Germans are almost incessantly throwing their "*Stosstruppen*" against one or other point on the Chemin des Dames or the Moronvilliers *massif*.

It is, of course, clear that the Germans wish to recover their lost positions, and the silent pressure of the French imposes on them the necessity of maintaining their new line by repeated counter-attacks. If they attempted the pure defensive, it is as certain as anything can be that the French would be shortly debouching from these roads through the Chemin des Dames Ridge in the rear of the German lines through Cambrai and St. Quentin. But if we compare the enemy's treatment of the French with his treatment of the British, we cannot attribute the difference wholly to the relative importance of the sector of the front. It was the unusualness of the blow on the coast the other day that gave it its impression. But a similar amount of force has frequently been used over this forty miles of front in the Aisne and Champagne sector. Hardly a day has passed without a strong counter-attack being delivered on some part of this line. The attacks have not always materialised. Sometimes they were caught on the point of launching, and smashed at once by the French artillery. At other times they made no headway, but were stopped dead before reaching the trenches. Often they have secured small local successes, only to lose the ground in a prompt counter-attack,

Sometimes they have covered extensive sectors of the front. And at other times on small sectors they have been repeated in quick succession, four or five times during the day or night. The general result of these long-continued attacks is that the French positions are distinctly better, tactically improved, since the opening of the German counter-offensive. What, then, can be the meaning of continuing efforts which are generally costly, and have never secured more than a momentary advantage? It is that the Germans have set themselves to prove to the impressionable French that their case is hopeless, to convince them that every inch of ground they won they would lose.

There is a true nobility in the defence of our Allies. It has almost passed unnoticed that here is one of the milestones of the war. The French success has gone unsung. Yet it is certain that when the history of the war can be fully written, it will be realized that on this blood-soaked ridge they once more, and perhaps finally, cheated the enemy of his prey. Clearly the spirit of the combatants can never be the same again. The French have come through a fiery test, and two months' fighting has yielded the Germans only a long casualty list of their picked troops, and a corresponding depreciation of the general mass. For the *Stosstruppen* are the cream of the German troops, chosen and trained with special care. But clearly the mass from which they are drawn is weaker by far more than the mere numerical strength of the selected troops, and if these detachments are to be kept at a given strength, the deterioration of the remainder will grow. There are one or two other points that the French have proved. It is clear to the world now the great offensive of Verdun was a failure, but that of the Somme a success. The magnificent defensive above the Aisne has proved that the Germans are incapable of succeeding against the French even in a limited offensive. The Allies have proved that they can secure their objectives in an offensive; the Germans have been for over two months convincing the world that they cannot.

THE ECONOMIC BASIS FOR PEACE.

THE struggle for the destruction of military autocracy in Germany, now waged in the open by parties in the Reichstag, can only be brought to a successful issue by the effective will of the German nation. But the political attitude of the Allies can strengthen or weaken that will. In a word, the democratization of Germany, upon which the pacific future of the world and the safety of civilization seem to depend, may itself depend upon good words spoken by the Allied Governments at this critical juncture of the war. If the military autocracy should triumph in the intestine struggle for power and policy in Germany, it will partly be because their militarists are able to persuade the nation that their hope of security and a good economic outlook lies in a German victory. Nay, many even of those who believe a victory to be impossible, would be prepared to fight on in order to produce, either an admitted deadlock, or a war-weariness so intense as to enable them to extract by pressure of negotiation terms which they believe to be at present unattainable. Hitherto the militarists have held the allegiance of powerful sections of the industrial and commercial classes by brandishing before their faces the menace of the exclusion of Germany from access to the commerce of the world after the war. So long as the Paris Conference holds, or is supposed in Germany to hold, it is an obvious handicap to the German parties that are seeking to put the Government and policy of their country on a more liberal footing. In the recently published resolution of the new Reichstag Block, chief place is given to the abandonment of all plans for economic isolation and the enmities of peoples after the war. The document couples together the demand for "an economic peace" with that for the establishment of an instrument of international law.

In a word, if we desire the success of what appears

to be the first attempt to democratize Germany, and regard it, with the Prime Minister, as the real road to peace, we must make it plain that this economic settlement is now attainable by a Germany that can break its bonds and enter a League of Nations. There are, no doubt, those who will say that this offer has already been tendered. We and our Allies have disclaimed in general terms the intention of denying an economic future to Germany, and have even held out to her the prospect of re-entering a Concert of Europe. But these proposals have been made in vague language, while the economic menaces have not merely been maintained, but are embodied in formal or informal schemes for preferential relations between the Allies and between the parts of the British Empire. Now, we have fair evidence that every one of these plans for monopolizing the resources for the Empire, for pooling the raw materials of the Allies, for concerting special facilities of navigation and of coaling may prolong the war, and is incompatible with a League of Nations. Why do we halt between two policies? One road leads to an indefinite continuance of the war (with some risk of losing it), with militarism in every "civilized" and "uncivilized" country, and the certainty of another world-war within a generation. The other road leads to peace and a new order. If we give the politicians and peoples of the Central Powers the choice of these alternatives, with a clear expression of preference for the latter, we hand them a weapon to break their militarism. There are those who say that the Paris Resolutions have in fact been allowed to lapse, and that there never was any serious intention of building upon them an active boycott of the Central Powers. If so, why not give them decent burial?

But a formal withdrawal is not enough. The future peace of the world demands, not merely a repudiation of these new barriers, but a positive extension of commercial liberty and economic opportunities. Every industrial nation in its forecast of the economic future must realize as its first essential a freer access to raw materials and foods which it cannot adequately provide within its own domains. This need has underlain and moulded the foreign policy and the imperial aspirations of all European countries. So long as it is unsatisfied and unsecured, trouble must recur, and war stand as a fixed part of the world order. It can be satisfied, and by methods which redound to the common good of all nations. Let the Allies now propose as the economic foundation for a League of Nations an equal access to commercial and other economic opportunities in their Colonial possessions, and in present or future spheres of influence. It is no mere negative policy of Free Trade that is required. The African issue, the Eastern and the Western Asiatic issues, the Balkan issue, to a larger extent the Alsace-Lorraine issue, the main problems of the war, will find a large and essential part of their solution in guarantees for equal access to trade routes, markets, and the work of development. Let Great Britain propose, first to the Council of the Allies, then to the world, this sound, definite, and fruitful policy of reconstruction. Our Government, in spite of its tentative lapses, is in the best position to take the initiative. For our Empire is both the largest and the richest in resources, it has prospered on and by a Free Trade policy, and its healing and consolidating influence. Russia and the United States have committed themselves to this liberal conception of the economic future. It is true that some re-orientation in the Colonialism of France and Italy would be required. But there is nothing unreasonable in expecting a unanimous declaration of the Allied Governments. In substance, it is only an extension of the policy adopted in conference by all the civilized nations for application to the Congo Basin in 1885. That document secured full freedom of commerce and freedom of navigation on the great rivers. Peace with a Liberal Germany, a League of Nations for world security afterwards, the reduction of armaments, and the destruction of militarism, all depend on a scheme of free commerce and economic co-operation.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND MILITARY AUTHORITY.

WHEN the House of Commons demanded an inquiry into the conduct of the medical examinations of wounded and invalided soldiers, it committed itself to much more than an inquiry. It was in principle accepting and affirming its responsibility for the exercise by the War Office of the powers given to that Department by Parliament under the Military Service Acts. That inquiry was not a week old, nor, indeed, a day old, before it became apparent to everybody that in future the House of Commons will have to assert its responsibility not in this field only, but in other fields in which the military power comes daily in contact with civil liberties. With facts now before us, there can be no question that the active intervention of the House of Commons to secure the ordinary citizen against the abuse of that power is now one of the pressing duties of the hour. Do not let the House wait, as it waited in the case of the munition workers, for some rude reminder of the danger of provoking men and women who remain men and women although the country is at war. The House of Commons must not wait for an explosion before it will listen to a grievance. It exists to prevent it. The readiness with which it has given power and authority to Ministers and Departments only makes its duty as guardian of the rights and liberties of the citizen more direct and more urgent.

The Military Service Acts have given to certain soldiers, doctors, and military tribunals an almost unbridled power over the lives, liberties, and possessions of men between eighteen and forty-one. They can ruin one man's business and save another's. They can send one man into the firing line, and keep another at home. They decide, on principles of their own, whether a man is fit to become a soldier. Can they go further than Parliament meant them to go? It is clear now that whereas Parliament, when it voted conscription, meant that healthy men were to serve in the Army, the military authorities interpreted the Act in quite a different spirit, and claimed the right to put the blind and the halt into khaki, on the principle that the Army can find a use for any limb that is left to a cripple. Has that policy ever been discussed in the House of Commons? Has the Minister for War ever explained it or defended it? No; it is left to this Committee to drag out of the War Office their secret circulars and secret instructions. There is a clear conflict between the intentions of the House of Commons and the acts of the military authorities. The House and the military authorities meant different things.

But it is not only in this department that the vigilance of the House of Commons is needed. There are now men and boys, counted by the millions, collected at great military camps here and abroad. How much does the House of Commons know about the administration of those camps? Who are the men in charge? What are their qualifications? What is the condition of the camps in respect of food, clothing, cleanliness? Rumors, whose accuracy no journal can fix, go about the country that in this camp there have been a number of suicides, that in another men have died from pneumonia because they have been passed for duty by careless doctors, that in a third there have been riots, that in a fourth there have been a number of deaths from disease. Why should this world be screened from the public knowledge? Why should we inspect factories and workshops, and make no provision for inspecting these camps? They are a new institution in our national life, and it is easy to make a mess of an experiment. But if we take all our youth for the Army, we owe it to them to make sure that the conditions of their life are made tolerable.

There is one very good reason for bringing this side of military life under some civilian supervision. In all our judgments and criticisms in life we take some kind of standard, and the Army is no exception. Now the colonel or the doctor or the court-martial may easily slip into the habit of taking the privations and the

dangers of the trenches as the standard. In a sense, every one of us is lucky to be alive seeing that the world has spent three years in trying to destroy as many lives as possible. Any man is lucky to be walking down the Strand when his brother or son is, as likely as not, taking his chance of coming through a barrage with a leg or an arm to spare. It is an excellent thing to keep that in mind if you are dealing with your own unreasonable and complaining self. But it is another matter if you are continually saying to yourself when a private goes sick on parade, "Lucky for him he is not in the trenches," or, when a man is court-martialled at home, "If he were in France he would be shot for this," or, when there is too little food or the bedding is bad, "He would be thankful enough for this if he was slipping about in the Flanders mud." That habit soon makes some men careless about the health and comfort of the men in their charge, and that carelessness involves danger to life. All the more necessary therefore is it to apply some independent standard, and to see that grievances can be brought before some authority outside the closed atmosphere of this world.

It seems to us, then, that in some form or other the House of Commons must be associated with the supervision of the camps. A great deal might be done by demanding regular reports giving full information about each camp—the number of men sick, the number and the causes of death, and the crime sheets. But it would also be necessary to set up a Standing Committee which would receive grievances, and visit the camps, applying, in one form, the ginger which the Revolutionary deputies *en mission* applied to the French armies. At present no outside element is tolerated. If a man, dissatisfied with his medical examination, brings a medical certificate, it is laughed out of court: "The family doctor again!" The members of the Committee would be able to detect cases of fraud and imposture, while their visits would be a check on the dangerous power of the authorities. It ought not to be left to a few active members of Parliament to bring cases of grievance before the House of Commons. At best they can only hear of a case here and a case there. Nothing works on the feelings of a Briton so surely and so bitterly as a sense of grievance combined with a belief that redress is impossible. The mere fact that somebody listens to him, even if there is no apparent result, has a strangely soothing influence on a soldier. The discipline of our military camps, if those camps are left under unqualified military rule, will one day provide a surprise for society.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE ship of Government labors heavily, in a more and more angry sea. It is always being reconstructed, and in the act exhibiting its weakness. It is losing popularity; and takes on the two most unpopular politicians in Britain. The trouble in Ireland springs out of her distrust of England; and Mr. George lifts to a seat by his throne the man she has most reason to hate. The "Times" credits Sir Edward Carson with "vision" and "iron determination." Thus far his career has not disclosed a touch of either quality. It is the old story of the fish out of water, the stage lawyer in politics. The arch-rebel of Ulster a statesman! The sentimental waverer a man of power! Mr. Churchill is a cock of a different hackle. He has nearly every gift but common sense, and the patience which would bring him back to true power in an hour when he and the nation may both want it. But he is the last man for the Ministry of Munitions in the dust of the Labor quarrel which the luckless Dr. Addison has shaken off his retreating feet. His appointment equally offends the Tories, who hate him, and the Liberals who resent his and the much inferior Mr. Montagu's desertion of the compact to stand by Mr. Asquith. The country wants a sedative; and Mr. George administers a dose of powerful irritants.

THE inward seriousness of the Ministerial case is the alienation between the Prime Minister and the Tory Party. Open disrespect on one side is the sign of growing want of sympathy on the other. The Government is essentially Tory in thought and policy, as well as in its general design and make-up. But the daughters of the horse-leech are never satisfied; moreover, this Tory discontent with Mr. George springs from radical differences of character and temperament. Nor can the Prime Minister rely on the accustomed support of the head of a Cabinet working under specified conditions with colleagues whom he trusts, and who trust him. The habit of regular council and orderly devolution of work, the bond of party, community of ideas, the influence of an overwhelming personality, are all bonds of government under the Cabinet system. But the system is gone, and its moral supports have gone with it.

THEN there is Ireland. Nothing can now stay the impetuous course of her idealism. The De Valera policy is frankly revolutionary; and the Carson appointment will fiercely stimulate it. But even revolutions have their *sous-entendus*, and those Irishmen who have rejected the old Nationalism, but who yet look to a final reconciliation with England, attach importance to De Valera's qualification of his Republican policy which he announced at the meeting at Mullingar. "Until the Irish people declared that another form of Government was more suitable," he said, "the Irish Republic was the form of Government that Sinn Fein would give adherence to." That, I think, leaves the door open to a settlement on the lines of Colonial Home Rule. There comes the great difficulty of the unrepresentative character of the Convention. The meeting at Trinity College will be a meeting of Old, not of Young Ireland. But that is not an unmixed disadvantage. The majority of the country is not implicated in its findings, nor can its authority be invoked to commend an unpopular scheme. Its good faith, therefore, is no longer impugned, while its range of free action is increased. It knows that a small unimaginative scheme of Home Rule (such as the existing Act) is out of court, and that a wider scheme might obtain a national endorsement. This is a spur to the ambitions of its abler members to achieve a real Irish Constitution. On the other hand, it points to a referendum. This Ulster opposes, for the Ulster Council fights shy of a direct appeal to the Ulster voters. But the moral pressure on Ulster is stronger than at any period of her revolt against unity. Dominion Government will, I am assured, satisfy the country, while a substantially smaller plan is sure to be torn up by it. There is the position. The Convention has no authority. But it has the career which is always open to talent.

THE scandal of the re-examinations grows. The Committee has now traced the ascent of cruelty and thoughtlessness from the medical officer to the medical chairman, thence to the deputy director, and thence to the director himself. But that is not the end of the inquiry. These deeds proceeded from a policy—the policy of all-into-the-Army. The administration of the Act itself in defiance of the will of the House of Commons and the pledges of the Government was the work of the War Office. Both issued from a deliberate view of recruiting, as enforced by the Secretary for War. We know now that this challenge to the authority of Parliament must have been deliberate, and that no instructions were issued by the War Council to the medical service to do what the Government promised should be done. On the contrary, it was told to do exactly what the Government said it should not do. Now the circulars in which the policy of lowering the standards was forced upon the medical boards were devised in September, 1916, as the result, says General Hathaway, of a meeting at the War Office, and the most peremptory of Sir Alfred Keogh's circulars was also dated in September. Now Mr. George

was then Secretary for War. What was his view of these circulars? Did he direct the policy which lay behind them, or was he consulted concerning it?

MANY eyes must have opened wide at such a judgment as the Lord Chief Justice delivered on the Howsin case. Miss Howsin has now been deprived of her liberty since September, 1915, when this young lady was whirled away from her father's house in a motor-car. No legal charge has ever been preferred against her. The Lord Chief Justice could only describe her as an object of suspicion to the Home Secretary (meaning some official in the Home Secretary's Office) on account of her "foreign association." What, again, was that association? It consisted in her carrying a message between a possibly seditious Indian and someone else. Lord Reading did not think it necessary to maintain that she had a guilty knowledge of what it was. "It might be that she was perfectly innocent." "Might be"; and this high judge denies the constitutional right of this girl to call on the Crown either to release her, or to say in plain language what her offence has been, and give a jury of her countrymen a chance of examining it. Lord Reading seemed to think that he had wiped out this scandal with the remark that the Government were not "punishing" Miss Howsin, they were merely "preventing" her. Preventing her, on the theory of her innocence, for month after month, even year after year, from living her life in freedom and honor as innocent men and women have a right to live. Preventing her, in any case, from access to justice. That is what English law and English judges have come to!

I HAVE been a little fluttered, and not a little flattered, by a sight of "The War Magazine," which, I am assured, represents, officially, the view of the war which the Liberal wing of the Government adopts, and (I suppose) the Tory wing does not. My agitation is due to a very simple cause. It is the pleasing sight of a string of quotations from THE NATION in support of the magazine's theses and theories which emerge, like Wordsworth's violet, from their mossy environment of fact. For THE NATION is still under the Government's ban, so far as its overseas issue is concerned, and its teaching carries the red poison label for British Colonists, American citizens, and Russian revolutionists. But "The War Magazine" encourages me to regard it as good nutritious stuff for home supporters of the Government—provided they be Liberals. How this chemical change operates I do not know. Perhaps it is the climate.

I SAID something last week of Ministerial standards of truthfulness. Mr. Macpherson has now made a fresh contribution to them. The other day he was asked whether, when Princess Mary went to Southend, she was accompanied by a fleet of aeroplanes, to the neglect of the defence of London. Mr. Macpherson was thus asked a definite and serious question. He replied by answering another. The Princess, he said, had not been escorted by any R.F.C. aeroplanes, whose use no one had alleged. But for once even Mr. Macpherson was eclipsed. Dr. Addison, questioned as to the business of the escort, declared that "there was not a word of truth in the statement." On July 12th, the Queen's private secretary wrote to the Mayor of Southend to thank him for "the fleet of aeroplanes" which had escorted her special train. The truth has thus come out from the double hedge of blank denial and shifty evasion. How many thousands of concealments remain?

If any of my readers desire to be lifted from this world of trouble into an air where the spirits of Poetry and Playful Tenderness dwell, let them repair to Drury Lane Theatre when Sir Thomas Beecham gives his next representation of "Figaro," or rather his next interpretation of the divine soul of Mozart. Such music I never expect to hear again in this world; as to what sounds of Concord or Discord may greet me in the next I forbear to speculate.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THAT VIOLET CROWN.

For a middle-aged man who was once a scholar, we can imagine no greater happiness than to go back to school to-day, or once more stalk the University streets. What an immense change he would find—not so much in the subjects taught as in the whole method of teaching! Take Greek, the only subject which counted for anything in the ancient school where the present writer was austere trained. In the case of Greek, how incalculable must be the difference for a boy at the same school now! We knew the Greek grammar without mistake; we could construe a Greek text with literal accuracy, revealing the faintest shade of every shadowy particle; we could change Shakespeare into such Greek verse that we believed Sophocles would have been proud to claim it. Valuable exercises, people said, but no living soul ever longs to do them again.

It is when we see the different training of our successors that we are full of envy. Before the sunshine faces of brats such as once we were, are now exhibited fine models of the Acropolis, photographs of the splendid gods, copies of the Attic vases illuminated with the exploits of Achilles, or a foot-race at Olympia. Into those youthful heads the difficult knowledge is instilled that literature has a meaning beyond the translation of words; that Euripides is not admirable only because he is easy; that, even at his most crabbed, the great Historian had something to tell; and that the life which made the old Comedian laugh was once alive. Almost unconsciously they learn how temples were built, how wars were fought, how priests were created and how the gods. It is a long way from the exact uses of the particle *αἰ* up to the realization of an Athenian marketplace. But what middle-aged scholar would not gladly start afresh to enjoy that course? For such a goal how light he would make of new-boy's terrors, the impending master, and the rigors of good form!

Somewhere in the English nature, we suppose, there has been growing a desire for deeper realities than grammar and the most elegant of Greek verses could give. Somehow, the importance of Greece for modern life has been more acutely realized. The scholarship of to-day has compelled us to understand how vast would be the loss to man if Athens had never existed, or if the memory of Greece had been buried deep in earth, as Crete's was buried. In England, such scholars as Gilbert Murray, Jane Harrison, and Mr. Cornford have led the discovery. They are the people we think of first when the renewed life of Greece adds life to ourselves. And now it seems likely that the name of Mr. C. Delisle Burns will be added to theirs, for his "Greek Ideals" (G. Bell & Sons) is exactly such a book as marks the change in scholarship, and its progress towards the realization of Greek life.

We are not reviewing the book. It is too full of knowledge and suggestion. We will only take one point to consider. History is full of miracles, and two of the most incredible are the existence of Athens and the existence of Sparta. To an Englishman, one hopes, in spite of our increasing subjection to oligarchy, the existence of Sparta is still the more difficult to believe. It is, indeed, hard to understand how a lawgiver or a code of laws could for generations exert such influence as to check for good or evil the national tendencies of a race. Apart from genius, the modern Greeks have inherited nearly all the qualities of their reputed ancestors, and the ancient lawgiver appears to have perceived the peril involved in those qualities and to have enacted his rigid legislation expressly to counteract them. He perceived that all Greeks were inclined to cowardice, or, at all events, to a reasonable dislike of fighting. Accordingly, he ordained a strictly military State, in which every true-born Spartan boy became a soldier as a matter of course, and every true-born Spartan girl, as a matter of course, became a mother of soldiers. All occupations but war, hunting, and dancing (as training for war or child-bearing) were left to a subject race.

Mr. Burns says that Greeks loved fighting for its own sake, but we rather doubt it. The great Historian tells us they were a-tiptoe with excitement at the beginning of the prolonged war which brought them all to ruin; but he attributes their excitement simply to ignorance of war's reality. We suspect the general feeling was more truly represented by the Comedian's honest citizen who, under the law of conscription, found his name on the list for active service, and ran home "looking fig juice"—with a look to turn milk sour. Besides, one may remember that, even on the victorious day of Salamis, the allied fleet tried hard to run away, and would have succeeded if the Admiral in command had not blocked up both ends of the channel to prevent their escape. Such was the weakness which the Spartan lawgiver had to counteract. The marvel is that he perceived it, and by his laws created that purely athletic and military State whose sons were seen combing their long hair in preparation for death at Thermopylae, and the surrender of whose sons at Pylos sent a shock of surprise and consternation through Greece. For everyone had supposed a Spartan would die rather than yield.

Perceiving also the danger of Greek chatter and inquisitiveness, he ordained rules of silence and brevity, so faithfully observed that Spartan women crammed sense into six words, and when a half-barbaric king threatened the city and its inhabitants with utter destruction if he came, Sparta sent back the answer "If!" Knowing the Greek tendency to commercial greed, to luxury, and lasciviousness, he forbade money, and compelled the young men to visit even their own wives only by stealth.

It is indeed one of the marvels of history that men and women should, by their obedience to ancient laws, have maintained such a State almost unchanged for many centuries; and as one stands beside the little stream which is the Eurotas, and looks across the little plain where Sparta was, up to the snowy peaks of Taygetus, the mind is overcome with wonder. We cannot be surprised that Socrates, Plato, and Xenophon, the trusty and simple-minded knight, felt so deep an admiration for a country so stable, so "efficient," so silent and indomitable. In her they thought they discovered just those qualities which seemed wanting to their own people. In exchange for such qualities they were willing to abandon much. Nor were they the only politicians, nor the last, to be carried away by marvel at an efficient, strongly governed, and military State—the "Leviathan" in its most perfect and powerful form. To some minds, even to-day, the worship of "law and order" appeals with irresistible attraction, and in its service they will sacrifice the natural characteristics—even the finest and most notable—of the country which, after all, is their own.

Down upon the temptations to such perverted admiration comes Mr. Delisle Burns, scattering them like chaff with the flail of freedom. Among Greek ideals he will not even consider Sparta's. Not even Plato's and Xenophon's admiration, he says, makes Sparta typically Greek. A military domination, he truly tells us, can be established only on force and fraud. "So barren a life as this perfect organization attained can hardly be treated as anything but a violation of all that was most ideally Greek." So, as he says, he turns to Athens. He does not tell us a word (and indeed there is little known, though we should like to know much) about the ideals of Argos, confident as Canterbury in her established religion; or of Thebes, always appealing, like a squire, to what father and grandfather did; or of Corinth, allied, like Vienna, to the military Power, in spite of her easy-going temperament and sensual delights. He turns to Athens, and there he finds that other miracle of history, the true wonder of the world.

In Athenian life, as here described, we find a quality strongly opposed to Sparta's unchanging stability. We find an infinite variety—a variety always viewed with some suspicion by Athenian philosophers, who liked quoting an ancient dictum that you can go wrong in all manner of ways, but right only in one. In Athens, during her century of greatness, it must have been hard to choose the one right way. Variety distracted the

citizen on every side, and life was a perpetual flux. Even in religion, nothing was fixed, though its beliefs and festivals were the foundations of citizenship. An Athenian was free alike from priests and sacred books. A few ancient poems, chiefly Homer's and Hesiod's, were generally necessary, not for salvation, but for a liberal education. From the Iliad a boy learnt courage; from the Odyssey, adventure and love of travel; from Hesiod the names of gods, and a respect for peasants. But religious belief in the books was not expected. They were not the Athenian Bible, except in so far as educated people were assumed to know something about them. In the external world of religion, the citizen was surrounded with queer relics of totemism, and saw that every girl before she could be married had to run about on four legs like a yellow bear. He took part in the great procession to the wise goddess of the city; perhaps, too, in the passionate rites of Dionysus; and perhaps in the mystic ceremonies of Eleusis he carried a pig to the sea. He listened to the judgments of worthy old men upon religious troubles. He listened to the questionings of philosophers and rhetoricians. In service to the god he witnessed the greatest of dramas, and in service to the holy city he attended the public debates upon his welfare. In social life, he heard old folk lamenting the great days of Marathon when men were men indeed; and besides he had to sympathize with the dear good people who always hymn the joys of simple life:—

"What we long for," they would say, "are the figs and myrtles and violets by the mill, and olives. There's nothing sweeter than when sowing is over and God sends the rain, to hear a neighbor say: 'What shall we do now? Let's have a drink, now God is kind. Mother! bring out the beans and barley and figs. Syra, call Manes in from the fields. Let's have some hare—three plates for us, and one for father. Call Charinades in for a drink as you pass, for God guards the harvest.'"

When the Comedian thus sang the delights of the fields, how could one stay chattering and loafing about with Socrates in the streets? In Sparta the line of life for each was ruled straight as a die. In Athens it was hard to find the way. Yes; but each man was free to find it for himself, and from that very difficulty sprang the tolerance of one to another—that absence of black looks when a man chooses to please himself—which Pericles, with a sideglance at Sparta, mentioned among the charms of his city. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to think of Athenian life as all joy and physical exercise and light-hearted gaiety. "The Athenians," Mr. Burns says, "and not only the tragedians, felt that the life most worth living was one of deep and even destroying emotion." In the midst of this difficulty in choice, the Athenian stood unguided. Yet freedom in religion; freedom in social intercourse; freedom, above all, from institutions and the interference of the State, not only, as Herodotus says, made Athens the savior of Greece, but first revealed to the world the meaning and value of individual liberty, however narrowly it was limited to the freeborn race. Freedom and a dignity of inward restraint, half concealing that "deep and even destroying emotion," are the examples of life which Athens has handed down to ourselves. They were the qualities which inspired that "Eros"—that passionate affection—which her noblest citizen retained for her even when she gave him the hemlock to drink; and, as Mr. Burns finely asserts, Socrates was the greatest achievement of that city which grew a little tired of hearing herself called "the violet-crowned."

HOLIDAY.

It was five minutes past three o'clock next morning when Troy awoke. He raised himself on an elbow, and glanced at his watch.

"Too early to get up," he said.

But half the joy of holiday lies in doing what one ordinarily would not think of doing, and he had no sooner succumbed to the all-too-human temptation to stretch and laze than he thrust it from him, and put his feet out on the floor. Once up, he could not understand

why bed, at this auroral hour, had any attraction for him. He felt that "perfect sincerity" that Tolstoy notices ("War and Peace" was among the books he had brought along with him to read). The action was almost a virtue—if anything so natural can be called a virtue; a virtue, indeed, if we assume as the word's meaning, strength, efficacy. Sheets were all very well for cockneys, but not for him, a countryman. Daylight ran in his veins, the sun served him for breath. Antaus-like, he had touched clay, and found himself renewed. Life was become an adventure again; not, as hitherto, an aimless moving-towards and pushing-back, a hiatus, a blank, on which, ultimately, the Rhadamanthine gods would find nothing written.

Shaving himself without mishap, in spite of the unaccustomed angle of the glass, he went downstairs and out into the yard. The farm buildings, a neutral silhouette in yesterday's dusk, now showed themselves in their true colors and contours. The house was partly thatched and partly roofed with tiles that had once been red, but in their century-old crust of moss and stonecrop had weathered to a deciduous green. Dormers of timbered wattle broke into the thatched portion. Underneath, the walls were of brick, crumbling and mortarless; the jutting porch, gay in a tangle of Dorothy Perkin ramblers, looking as it might be none the worse for a mason's hand to it before the fine spell would break. To the right stood a low building, with a sort of cowed stack to it—the oasthouse; and beyond it, a barn, whose sagged peak and gable-purlins were a study in gravitational decay. Various offices completed the group on the left. The yard itself was no tidier than that of many another midland farm; grass growing in the interstices of the cobbles where the traffic was not sufficient to keep it down, and straws and goose-droppings littered about over it.

He unhasped the gate and turned towards the brook, crossing it on a row of stepping-stones. A path along the waterside led him through a stile into open fields. Over these fields a herd of cows, the white-faced breed of the county, were scattered; some grazing, others lying content, chewing their cud. Their flanks were hoary with dew, and faint columns of steam rose from them in the already warm sunshine. The air in their immediate vicinity had that heavy, lacteal smell one only notices in still weather when pasturage is at its best and udders are deepest. Stray and invisible filaments, the work of some early spider, clung to his face. Little flecks of that phenomenon called by children "cuckoo spittle," spattered his stockings. The sibilant whisper of an uncropped seed-head of grass only accentuated the silence. He kept on, following the rise and fall of the ground, and after a quarter of an hour's leisurely walking came to a copse of dwarf-oak and hazel which, climbing from the brook edge where it made a V-shaped indentation in the land, gathered itself into an escarpment a little way off. The line he pursued being a matter of indifference to him, he struck into this copse, scrambling through its low and closely-interwoven branches like a boy bird-nesting. He had not gone many yards when in a clearing between the bushes he saw something he had never seen before—the workings of a mole: it could not be anything else: little heaps of sandy earth thrown up without apparent plan, and, judging by their freshness, of quite recent excavation. He stopped to examine them with that interest a mentally-stimulated person manifests in a new experience; but knowing nothing of the habits of moles (there are none in Ireland), and making less of the unsightly scrapings and pilings, he left them, and passed on. The last part of his scramble was steepish, somewhat; dog-briars in the plenitude of their strength, and furze-roots anchored in the clefts of shaly rocks, tearing and impeding him. He reached the top, however—and what a view he had! what compensation for his pains! The face of Nature, with "eyes of fire, nostrils of air, mouth of water, beard of earth," lay calm and untroubled before him. Never did he dwell on anything so calm and untroubled. What Irish scenery he knew seemed to him always to brood under some immemorial wrongdoing, to await some destiny—war, an angel's wings, he knew not what; but

this was different. The psychology of it was different. It was a landscape of flesh and blood, not the bones of landscape. Its primitiveness, if it ever knew such, was ploughed and harrowed out of it. Its wear was not Pan's, but Ceres's; not Esau's hairy garment, but the smooth of Jacob's neck. Its tilth swelled not with thought so much as with the consciousness of order and privilege. Its trees had a ripe, almost a rotten, look; as if, try as they might, they could never surpass themselves. Its turf seemed dispossessed in its possession; cowed with fatness. It predicated finality, a word unknown in the Irish Thesaurus.

It was very beautiful, of course. That line of pollard elms glassed in the pool under him; that blotch of late turnip-land broken against a pearl and lilac sky; that church tower with the shining vane and the rooks about it; that hopfield, that cherry-orchard; that fantasy of hills, Wales-ward—he did not know their name, or if they were hills at all, so cloud-frail they were, disembodied by distance.

"Exquisite" was the adjective that described it, rather than "splendid."

Feasting his mind to satiety, he retraced his steps to the path. Like Fionn, water always attracted him. It exhaled wonder; its call was so insistent that he must have been a trout or a tadpole in some previous state of being. He came on the pool, by the last of the pollard elms. Here the brook, a thing of vain frettings and tinklings, and of no particular color, deepened into silence and shadow. Where the light caught it, it was silver, with inky blobs and spirals on it that were the elm-stems transmuted; where the native shale of its bottom showed through, it was a translucent amber; where it held the image of copse and escarpment, a dark claret shimmering with green. Moisture-loving plants and wildflowers fringed its banks—hart's-tongue fern, red sorrel, comfrey, water forget-me-not—with an odd spike of foxglove blooming in the higher pockets of the rocks. Under the path it was about seven feet deep, and so clear that he could see every pebble and shell in it. On its unruffled surface hundreds of minute, boat-like insects went skimming and darting to and fro.

He sat down on a sunny stone, and, almost unconsciously, proceeded to undo his shoelaces. Then when his feet were bare and dangling over the water it occurred to him that as nobody was about, or likely to be about, he might as well strip altogether. A plunge and out again, a race once or twice up and down the grass to dry himself, would only be a matter of a few minutes. The suggestion quickly interpreted itself in action. He dived.

Who will describe the breathless impact—the rush, the cleaving of the element as with a knife—the bursting of a thousand iridescent air-bubbles against one's flesh? the "buoyant recover" (the phrase is Whitman's, most constant of hydrolators?) the sense of mastery over one's body, of sheer joy in life, that thrills through one when the eyes open and the green world breaks on them again? It is the same world that one knew before. The grass is the same, the trees, the hills, the sky; but they are sighted from a new angle, exaggerated, screwed to a vivid focus, as it were. If baptism is a rebirth of the soul, bathing is a rebirth of soul and body. It had this effect on Troy. It brought back the sensations of childhood to him.

It recalled those dim and far away days in the Puck River, in the reach beyond Mary Hanlon's sweet-shop, where, foregathering with other boys of his own age on such a morning as this, he would plunge and splash and float about, until sheer physical weariness and the edge of an empty stomach sent him home.

It recalled a penny—foolish thought! A brown, particular penny with Queen Victoria's head and the date 1865 on it, very much worn, and a hole punched through it (right through the Queen's eye) by some idle person who valued his whimsy more than current coin of the realm. That penny, he remembered, was given him by his grandmother, old Ally Troy (she died at ninety, blown over a sandpit in a storm). What she gave it to him for had now slipped his memory, but not what resulted from the gift. It was after his first bathe. He

would have been about eight years old at the time. It was an illicit bathe, and like all illicit joys, sweet, sweet. He remembered, when he had finished dressing, going with the penny into Mary Hanlon's little shop. Three other boys, partners in his exploit, accompanied him as far as the door. Mary looked at him over her spectacles, then out through the narrow window-pane at the faces of his friends glued to the other side of it in rapt expectancy. She asked him where he had got the penny. He told her. "It's a bad penny," says she. "I'll report it to the sergeant." (How the small fry of Moycarra dreaded that sergeant, a fat man with a pale face and most ferocious eyebrows!) "I'll nail it to the counter," says she, "as a warning to you, and the likes of you!" It was there yet, he was certain, symbol of the immutability of Justice. That was his first disappointment. Instead of the four pan-lumps he had expected (wrapped in a leaf of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," as was Mary's splendid way) he had got nothing. Less than nothing.

It recalled a willow-pattern plate. Why, he could not say, except that as a child the water and boats and bridge and pagoda of that immortal synthesis moved him to a strange and mysterious delight.

It recalled a grey Thursday, and a tune rising out of the heart of it. It was in a Newry street. It had been raining all day, and there were gamins of varying degrees of raggedness, with their trousers (or what remained of them) pulled thigh-high, playing about in the flooded water-tables. The wheels of the cart he was riding in were reflected in the mud, red revolving stars. He could see meat on a butcher's stall, and the fire in the darkness of a nailmaker's shop, and the swathed shawls of market-women, and the masts and smoke of shipping over the roof-tops opposite. Suddenly there broke on the confused noises of the town the droning music of bagpipes. A poor old man in a battered Derby hat was playing them. First a jig; and then a mournful, despairing air that seemed to be the utter expression of the rain and of the old man's sorrows.

"Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette lueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur? . . ."

The pool lapped caressingly over him. He let it have its way, and then with a muscular effort, partly swimming, partly paddling, rose to the top. He turned on his back, and kicked out with both legs. He reversed his position, and getting close to the bank, groped about for a fern-root. He pulled himself up, and dived again.

At breakfast, in the farm kitchen, three hours later, his host, old Rawstorne, said to him: "I always heard tell that you Irish were lazy devils." He laughed robustly. "But sars o' mine, young man, you're different, I'm reckoning. It's forty year since I bathed in that pond. Those hills you saw are the Black Mountains. Tom had better be looking to his grass-cocks, for they say when you catch a view of the Black Mountains, it means a change."

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

Communications.

THE RELIGION OF THE TRENCHES.

SIX.—It is significant of the change that is taking place in the definition of Religion that not a few Chaplains in France, in the same breath with a frank confession of the failure of Historic Christianity to win the men, have confidently affirmed that the true spirit of religion is increasingly evident; and, though the men might be entirely unconscious of it, or call even so much as they were conscious of by another name, there is a discipleship of Christ which the Church does not need so much to correct as to copy.

Where such an admission will logically lead is not at the moment easy to determine; off hand, one would think that it would at least tend to modify the Church's insistence on *Belief* as the primary requisite to membership in the Body of Christ, unless, indeed, we rest satisfied with the "Christian Charity" that leaves these unconscious disciples to the "uncovenanted mercies" of God.

It would, of course, be a mistake, and an unwarrantable inference from what the Chaplains have written, to imagine that the definition of religion must be so expanded as to cover the whole life and character of the men in whom the spirit of religion is so plainly seen. And the definition of Christianity must, of course, be different from the definition of religion. And anyone who has been to France knows that the complete life of the vast majority of the men would answer neither to the claims of religion nor of Christianity, even allowing for a liberal definition of both. So that it would not help religion to throw its defining lines so far back as to lose sight of them altogether, and it would not make the men religious to be told that henceforth they were within the pale of religion. The religious life must at least mean something; it must be whole, and it must be continuous. Is it too much to claim that it should, at all events, mean conscious unity with the mind and purpose of God?

The real significance, if we mistake not, of what has been seen amongst the soldiers in France, lies primarily not in any demand it may make for a new definition of religion or of Christianity (though that is bound to come), but in the evidence it affords as to the fundamental nature of man. For what we have seen there is not a new life born of a new conviction or of new ideals, or even the unconscious copying of a pattern life; but the natural actions of man when the depths of his being have been reached by the call of voices to which his soul is allied. We may call the soldier's bravery and self-sacrifice religious if we will, but the term must apply as well to the nature of the man as to the category of the action. But for our present purpose we shall be content to describe them as good, rather than religious, and to maintain, without an excursion into the field of ethics, that they reveal a nature that is fundamentally good.

Speaking generally, apart from the deeds of heroism which more or less regularly occur when our men are in the front line, the elements of the soldiers' lives are little different from what they were in the time of peace. That is to say, the men think the same and act the same. Their leisure time is spent somewhat in the same way as formerly, due allowance being made, of course, for the fact that their means of enjoyment are rather more limited than they were at home. No change has taken place in their manners and habits, except, perhaps, here and there for the better, here and there for the worse. The majority of them drink, and their language is notoriously "bad" (though we who have lived with them know how little they usually mean by it).

It is true that at times there are apparent signs of emotional religion; as, for example, in the lusty singing of hymns at church parade, and the occasional saying of prayers before an action.

One has heard, too, of repentance in the trenches, and finds a fatalism that may only be a step removed from religious faith. But there has been no real general *metanoia*, and their hymns and prayers and fatalistic faith are not to be explained by that. Our men, in fine, have not been re-born through the bitter experience of war; their outward character remains in all points almost precisely as it was before.

But a new light has been thrown behind the screen of daily habit, and we know that they are other than they seem. Deep in the heart of these men lies the spirit that has ever been the salvation of the world. They have shown themselves capable of the most sublime sacrifices that could ever be conceived, going to their death with a smile on their faces and with no hatred, except of wrong, in their hearts. And we know, and they know, that the deepest thing and the truest thing in their nature is this spirit of sacrifice. Everything else is unreal and *unnatural* in comparison with it. Their sin is not the last thing to be said about them; their real self is that which is capable of such sublime self-effacement. No matter how they drink, or how they "swear," or whatever they do, there is a nobler self beneath it all capable of a sacrifice like the Cross. Nor is it only in moments when the great demand is made that the real nature of these men's hearts is revealed. Here and there a sudden flash unveils the secret, in a little act of kindness, may be, or a voluntary self-denial for another's good. In a thousand ways the best can be seen rising above the worst, and the marvel is that we were so blind to it before. We accustomed ourselves (is it not true to say that we were taught?) to see the best in the "natural man" through the dark shadow of the worst, and to believe that the false was true, and the true false? But the war has taught us that we were wrong, and we know now that the last thing ("original," if you will) in human nature is goodness, and not evil.

This discovery (or re-discovery) of the true nature of man will sooner or later lead to the modification—if not, indeed, to the abandonment—of certain Christian doctrines which are already a stumbling-block in the way of many. It will not be enough for Ordination Candidates to be allowed to put a liberal interpretation on formulas which belong to an age that is past; the formulas must follow the old interpretation and new formulas boldly expressing the new faith must take their place. For a new faith there most certainly will be; a faith whose

final test will be neither the letter of Scripture nor ecclesiastical tradition, but the experience of common life.

Is it too much to ask that experience *shall* be allowed to have weight in the discussion and formulation of doctrine, even to the overthrowing of what we have held by tradition before? Where would belief in the deity of our Lord be but for the fact that some, at all events, were bold enough to grasp the truth of experience? " . . . we have heard, we have seen with our eyes. . . . We have looked upon . . . we have handled . . . " was St. John's authority for his doctrine of Christ; and our own belief in Christ rests, in the first place, upon his witness, and that of those who shared his experience. If, then, our belief in (or about) Christ is ultimately based upon experience, we may surely appeal to experience as the authority for our belief about the nature of man. To the plain man, indeed, there is no other authority, no other test for matters of faith. His faith must be true to life, or his allegiance wavers, and it is only a matter of time before the belief has ceased to hold. And herein lies, at least partly, the secret of the plain man's attitude towards the Church to-day. Rightly or wrongly, he regards her as the teacher of doctrines which belong to the past, and are not true to life, true to what he knows and feels; and he is content to follow his "inner light," believing that if he is wrong it is "Heaven's light that is leading him astray."

It is supremely important, therefore, that the teaching of the Church should ring true to life; and this involves the frank abandonment of obsolete forms. A living and true faith must have a living and true form; and the real interests of the Church will not be served by expressing truth in forms which are untrue to the present, out of reverence for the past. And the truth of to-day is that man is by nature good, or, in the language of religion, divine; as the guardians of the faith of the past will discover if but they will turn from documents to men, from creeds to life. Certainly the men on the battlefields of Europe know whereof they are made if theologians do not. If, then, for no other reason than that the men are, to a greater or less degree, aware of it themselves, the Church would do well to place in the very forefront of its teaching the doctrine that man is by nature a Son of God.

As to the coming change in the definition of religion and Christianity, two tendencies seem to be fairly clearly seen. One is to identify religion and Christianity, and make them merely equivalent to goodness; the other is to ignore the differences within Christianity and to regard personal life as the essential thing. Not that there are no "convinced" Catholics and Protestants, Neo-Catholics, Nonconformists, and what-not, who will remain what they always were; there are many of them; but the general tendency is in the direction of simplicity. In other words, Christianity is conceived of as a spirit and a life rather than a creed, though specific belief holds its right and necessary place. Men of all creeds have been thrown together in strange and common experiences, and in them have learnt that beneath all the different forms of faith there is a common faith and spirit that binds them all together, and that life lived on the high level of the Christ, and governed by His Spirit, is of greater importance than the forms by which their devotion to Him is expressed. And a Christian life is understood. Belief may be "correct" or not correct, truth or superstition, according to the intellectual equipment and training of the subject; but nobody questions the truth of a Christ-like life. It is Christian, and it is true, and the coming age will demand no other sign.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS JOHN MOORE.

April 24th, 1917.

Letters to the Editor.

LIQUOR AND STATE PURCHASE.

SIR,—I do not know if you will consider it worth while to give me any space to answer Mr. Proudfoot's "facts." I put the word in inverted commas to save him the trouble of saying that I accept them. The administration of State Purchase by Russia, under a corrupt oligarchy, may have increased private interests; but that, even if it be a "fact," is no guide to its administration in Great Britain. Nor, indeed, is the action in some States of Canada which, owing to local politics, differ *toto calo* from what would be attempted here. But, even so, it was the monopoly in Russia that made the veto possible; and, if prohibition is eventually to carry Canada, it is such action as is involved in purchase that will make it easy. The sale on the Gothenburg system has gone on for forty-five years; and there are few liquor reformers in Norway or Sweden who will not allow that it is the best preliminary to such further action as Mr. Proudfoot desires. The proposals in England would abolish the force of all the interests that Mr. Proudfoot details, except that of the Finance Minister, and he is the creature of a House of Commons elected by the Democracy.

If the latter are likely to grant Mr. Proudfoot early prohibition, they are not likely to shrink from controlling their own Finance Minister. I do not propose to follow Mr. Proudfoot to his new region. I quite understand that, holding these three principles, no arguments for State Purchase are likely to move him, and nothing will appear to be facts that limit their application. So far, therefore, as I am concerned, I must devote myself to trying to convert those who may be persuaded that half a loaf is better than no bread, and that half a loaf often leads on more quickly to the whole loaf than the policy of "all or nothing." I must leave to Mr. Proudfoot and his friends the satisfaction of what has before been the policy of the extreme Temperance Party—i.e., the delaying of the latter for the sake of the alleged ultimate certainty of the best. Before that comes, except by slow steps, gradually taken, neither he nor I will be found in the County of Lincoln.—Yours, &c.,

T. C. FRY.

The Deanery, Lincoln. July 18th, 1917.

P.S.—It is remarkable that your issue of July 14th, in which Mr. Proudfoot's letter occurs, gives "a marked improvement in the prices of brewery securities," due (as you say) to the apparent dropping of State Purchase.

THE AFRICAN COLONIES AND PEACE.

SIR,—If I correctly interpret the contention of Mr. Morel, it is that he would deny to the tribes of Africa what he would extend to Poland and other territories, namely, some voice in shaping their own destinies, because of their inability to state their real desires owing to tribal and linguistic differences, and of the "powers of life and death" held by the "governing European in his midst."

Now, sir, the resolution passed at the Lincolnshire Conference Room did not go beyond demanding that in the settlement the wishes and interests of the inhabitants should be "recognized" in as far as those "wishes can be clearly ascertained." Most fair-minded men will surely concede this to the African.

Mr. Morel quite rightly points to the methods by which individuals have in the past jockeyed natives into signing documents, the nature of which they did not understand. Those of us who know the African are fully cognizant of this danger, but none of us would propose such a method. What we have in mind is a Judicial Commission composed of experienced men along the lines of several commissions which have already taken place. Sir Harry Johnston, Mr. Thomas Welsh, of Liverpool, and the writer, have all been intimately associated on the spot with such Commissions, and none of us have ever found the natives unwilling to express their wishes freely when satisfied as to the impartiality of the Commission and that evidence only was required. All three of us have in different organs expressed, without any collaboration whatsoever, identical views.

Sir Harry Johnston's inquiry and settlement of the Uganda difficulty is the outstanding example of fair dealing and satisfactory results to all parties.

Mr. Thomas Welsh was a member of the West African Drink Commission which took a mass of evidence from natives, often strongly criticizing the autocratic administration of Nigeria. Mr. Morel has, I believe, never questioned but, on the contrary accepted, the findings of that Commission.

The Congo Commission of Inquiry into the atrocities was in this respect the most surprising to all of us, including Mr. Morel. In spite of the fact that the "governing white man" not only had, but exercised "powers of life and death" and had created a maximum of terror and servility, yet the Chiefs and people crowded before that Commission and charged administrative officials and others with the gravest crimes. I need hardly remind your readers that Mr. Morel has never questioned the reliability of this evidence gathered from tribes speaking different dialects and scattered over thousands of miles, not only so but, although subjected upon occasion to the most rigid cross-examination and occasional intimidation, nothing shook the evidence of these Chiefs.

Given three conditions, it is possible to obtain in an appreciable degree for the guidance of the Warring Powers the wishes of the native inhabitants: (1) A Judicial Commission composed of men with African experience; (2) an assurance by the Commission that no intimidation will be permitted; (3) clear notification to the tribal councils of the objects of the Commission.

The native tribes have in the collective capacity of their councils far more political instinct than most people imagine. Nothing, for example, demonstrates this more strikingly than a recent decision in Basutoland. After the recruiting of the Labor Corps for France had been in operation for some months, it was noticed with surprise that the Basutos were not volunteering with the rapidity of other tribes. Upon inquiry being made as to the cause, the Basuto chiefs replied to the effect that they had observed that Union officers were engaged in the task of recruiting and control. Whilst they had every respect for Union officials, they were of the opinion that to accept service under these officials might be regarded as showing their willingness for political Union, a matter upon

which they wished to retain liberty of thought and action. If the Imperial authorities would invite co-operation of Basutoland, the natives would volunteer in thousands, a nice political distinction which would do credit to any European bureaucrat.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. HARRIS.

Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W. 1.
July 12th, 1917.

THE CAUSE OF PERSONAL FREEDOM.

SIR,—Permit me to point out three considerations affecting the historic cause of personal freedom and suggested by the abortive proceedings in Miss Howsin's behalf.

1. The Court has adopted a dangerously wide meaning of the words "hostile association." We must establish by judicial decision the view that the association must arise out of and be connected with hostility. Mere contact, innocent in knowledge and character, with a hostile person must not be accepted as sufficient to justify internment by Executive Order.

2. Internment must not be of indefinite length without a review of the Executive Order by the King's judges. The acceptance of this responsibility of revision must be obtained from the judges.

3. The words "due consideration" in Regulation 14B must be given their general and accepted meaning, namely, as implying the formulation of a charge or complaint, the confrontation of the accused with the witnesses or material on which the complaint is founded, and the right of cross-examination in self-defence (if desired), with legal aid.

Until Parliament has the sense to sweep away this monstrous scheme of imprisonment by Executive Order, initiated by "Liberal" politicians, let us lose no opportunity of curtailing its excesses and of protecting those suffering under its operation.—Yours, &c.,

LEGALIST.

The Temple. July 19th, 1917.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR,—In the "Times" of June 19th were published particulars of orders served by direction of the Governor of Madras in Council on Mrs. Besant, Mr. G. S. Arundale, and Mr. B. P. Wadia, which prohibit them

"... from attending or taking part in any meeting, from delivering any lecture, from making any speech, and from publishing or procuring the publication of any writing or speech composed by them, placing their correspondence under censorship," and confine them to residence in certain specified districts of India, which do not include the district in which their homes and the headquarters of the Theosophical Society at large are situate, viz., Adyar, near Madras.

Had the Madras Government proceeded against Mrs. Besant and her colleagues in connection with their political work only, I should, in my official capacity as General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales, have kept silence. Mrs. Besant herself, despite all her eagerness to promote agitation in favor of "Home Rule" for India, which, rightly or wrongly, she believes will lead to that closer union between India and the rest of the British Empire she so passionately desires, has always declared her intention not to identify the Society with that agitation or, in fact, any other political movement, and I am bound to follow her example.

But obviously the Madras Government has gone far beyond any step of the kind. It has excluded Mrs. Besant and her colleagues from the headquarters of the Society at Adyar, and so made it impossible for them to take any further part in the local conduct of its affairs. It has further gagged those persons, forbidding them to speak or write about anything in the future, or even to publish anything they have spoken or written in the past on any subject whatever. By so doing, the Madras Government has stopped the Educational and Theosophical as well as the Political work of these persons and dealt a severe blow to several movements, which have nothing whatever to do with politics.

In the name of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales I protest most earnestly and strongly against these orders, which are not only a most uncalled for attack on a Society which has committed no wrong, but constitute an absolutely unjustifiable infringement of the civil and religious liberties of every one of its officials and members.

I beg you, sir, to extend to me the hospitality of your columns in order to voice this protest.

The Act under which the orders are issued provides that they shall not be called in question in a Court of Law. Further, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for India, has refused to receive any deputation on the subject, and apparently no notice is going to be taken by the Prime Minister or the Viceroy or the Governor of Madras of the resolution passed by the Executive Committee and by a meeting of the London members of my Society, which I sent by post or cabled to all three of them a few days ago, and which called for immediate withdrawal of those orders.—Yours, &c.,

H. BAILLIE-WEAVER, General Secretary.

19, Tavistock Square, London, W.C. 1. July 6th, 1917.

THE DEFENCE OF LONDON.

SIR,—Mr. Shaw's excellent letter does not sufficiently bring out the point that in days when civilians were not "murdered" everyone was content to regard soldiers and sailors as degraded beings to be compelled to service by a press-gang and flogged to death. Like prostitutes they performed essential services to the community, and were at the same time disclassed. One need only read the expressions used by the Duke of Wellington, a humane man for his times, about his Army. The "murder of civilians" will probably stimulate the community in the same degree as the recent discovery by the general public that the ravages of venereal disease cannot be strictly confined to the prostitute class. If respectable women and children could be infected, it was surely necessary to recognize and deal with syphilis as an evil menace to human happiness. Perhaps the same profound reasoning will now be applied to war after 1,900 years of ineffectual Christianity. Meanwhile, like Mr. Shaw, I had much rather be killed myself than be in the smallest degree responsible for the murder of young airmen in hopeless and solitary attacks on German squadrons.—Yours, &c.,

E. S. P. HAYNES.

THE U.S. ENLISTMENT ACTS.

SIR,—The Press organ of the U.S. Peace Society calls attention to a very important distinction between their military conscription and ours, which I would ask the influence of your journal to make more widely known, as I feel that if we could have imitated America rather than Germany in our conscription enactments, much suffering and injustice to individuals who desired exemption from military service might have been saved.

The President of the United States has been empowered to raise the regular Army by an additional 1,000,000 men. These are to be raised by voluntary enlistment, or if the President considers they cannot be thus effectively raised then by selected draft, and local boards will be created to make these drafts effective.

But the essential difference between us is that these local boards are to have no military representative among their members, who are to be chosen exclusively from leading citizens in the areas in which they have jurisdiction, so that the whole system of recruiting, including the difficult problems of revision, are kept from military control and safely placed in the hands of civilians.

There are also to be district boards, not connected with the military establishments, which are to review an appeal, and they will confirm, modify, or reverse any decision of the local boards for certificates of exemption, or partial exemption, of individuals.

"America has thus," says this organ of its public Press, "taken a step which enables all of us to breathe more freely in the fateful days now before us."—Yours, &c.,

E. ALEXANDER.

Highgate. July 16th, 1917.

THE LOGIC OF WAR.

SIR,—How quickly we don the spectacles of Prussian logic, let but a part of the view therefrom match with our heart's desire. Did not the "Morning Post," peeping, proclaim the overthrow of British sea-power for tariff *über alles*? And now we have THE NATION, in hate of war, urging that, if you may kill the charging Zulu, assegai in hand, so may you justly shoot the wife who supplies him with mealies and the babies (why not?) who are growing up to menace your Kultur.

Why not? Because the aim of a just war (Out lantern, Diogenes) is not "to kill our enemies," is never mere destruction but protection and creation. And of what? A good way of life and organization of it. Killing is an evil, justified only to prevent a greater. And often this ultimate aim allows (at some cost, no doubt) of stopping short of slaying. Civilized war has customarily taken prisoners, spared the wounded and accessories ("non-combatants").

Now of course such act means less loss to the material force of an antagonist. But not to his own will to fight and slay. Moral forces are even now the most potent of all. Prussianism has ranged a world against it and called armies by magic from the ground. Prussian logic has loosed devils of hatred and ferocity in its enemies that swell these menacing forces—who shall say how terribly?

But that is the least loss of Prussianism. To lose regard for life, and for degrees of necessity in taking life, unlooses in ourselves all demons of the less-than-man, snatching aloft from us our nobler war-aims—a free world of goodwill among societies.

And steadfastness in the infernal logic of to-day proves nothing but to-day's unfitness for co-partnership.—Yours, &c.,

ALEX. J. D. LOTHIAN.

13, Dick Place, Edinburgh. July 16th, 1917.

[Will the future "war in the air" be a less or a more dreadful thing than the present one; and, if so, where will the line of abstention be drawn?—ED., THE NATION.]

IS SHAKESPEARE UNPOPULAR?

SIR,—May I inquire whether Mr. Hemmerde's statement in Parliament quoted by Mr. Peel in your issue of July 14th does not incidentally throw some light on the allegation as to the unpopularity of Shakespeare, for which Mr. H. B. Irving was last year blaming the schoolmasters? This allegation seems recently to have been repeated by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who is said to have consoled his brother dramatists by the reflection that not one of them was so unpopular as Shakespeare. May not this unpopularity turn out to be a manufactured unpopularity?

Consider that since the beginning of the war, the nearest approach we have to a National Theatre, the "Old Vic." in the Waterloo Road—at a time when the "common stages" have been abandoned to revue and farce—has been giving annually a series of Shakespeare's plays, excellently staged and acted, and at a price that sounds fabulous—the best seat in the house costs 6d.! Consider that the "Old Vic.'s" chief supporters are the schoolmasters and mistresses and the children said to be suffering at their hands. Consider these things, and take them in conjunction with Mr. Hemmerde's statement, and will it not appear that the allegations of Shakespeare's unpopularity are, to say the least, suspect?—Yours, &c.,

W. N. HILLS.

10, Essex Road, Leyton, E. 10. July 16th, 1917.

THE TROJAN WAR AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

SIR,—In your issue of February 17th there appeared an article under the above title by Mr. Edward Carpenter. It stated and approved Dr. Walter Leaf's theory that the purpose of the Trojan War was to obtain the command of the Dardanelles and Hellespont, and closed with some excellent lessons for ourselves of the twentieth century to be drawn from the struggle that has continued in those regions for the last three thousand years.

Dr. Leaf's view has been widely accepted; in fact, I do not think that in this country any attempt has been made to invalidate it. May I therefore call attention to an article in the "Classical Journal" (Chicago) for April, 1917, by Mr. C. A. Maury of Seattle, which examines and rejects the conclusion in question? As the "Journal" has probably not a large circulation in this country, it may be useful to state briefly the grounds on which the refutation proceeds.

In the first place, Mr. Maury declines to accept the proposition, so frequently proclaimed in these days of international conflict, that the causes of war are always economic. He instances the Crusades as great non-economic enterprises, and affirms that examples can be multiplied. Next he observes that the knowledge of the Euxine exhibited by Homer is extremely small, and refuses to see more than Märchen in the "Tale of the Argonauts." Moreover, in the picture of Greece drawn by the old poet, he finds no indication that its population suffered from any economic pressure, or that Greek mariners had attained a degree of skill in navigation which would fit them for daring the terrors of the great unknown sea beyond the Straits. And, lastly, he asks, if Dr. Leaf's explanation is correct, how comes it that a long interval of centuries elapsed before, so far as our information goes, there was any real commerce between Greece and the Euxine? "Troy," Mr. Maury says, "was not a stimulus, but a depression," and he emphasizes the difference between the glorious effects on Greece of the Persian Wars and those, as we know them from Homer, of the great national effort against Troy.

This is not the place for an opinion on these reasons, but they seem cogent enough to deserve the attention of the learned in these matters, some of whom are, in Homer's words, too ready to accept the tale "that rings newest in the ear."—Yours, &c.,

DEMETRIUS SCEPTICUS.

July 16th, 1917.

THE BAN ON "THE NATION."

SIR,—I think you will be interested to see the following extract from a letter of a New Zealand correspondent, Mrs. E. V. Howell, Christchurch, New Zealand, who writes to me, April 27th:—

"My husband and I most deeply regret the proposition to prevent the export of THE NATION. At a time when the colonies are to express their opinions on Foreign Policy, the most thoughtful and sympathetic of the home journals of a critical character is denied them. We resent it exceedingly."

—Yours, &c.,

IRENE COOPER WILLIS.

99, Shooters Hill Road, Blackheath.

June 30th, 1917.

"THE NATION" IN RUSSIA.

SIR,—The following is from my son, engaged in War Victims' Relief in South-Eastern Russia, under date May 29th:

"It is very good to get THE NATION. The last I have is indeed eight weeks' old—the issue for March 24th—but how interesting and encouraging it is! The happenings I saw in

Petrograd a few weeks ago are evidently going to be a landmark in history. A ray of hope is shining across the darkness of the world—justice and better government may result from the sufferings and sorrow of the war; and if, in the great upheaval, our little lives must have their share of these we must not complain.—Yours, &c., F.

[We print these as examples of letters which we are constantly receiving from all parts of America and the Colonies and neutral and Allied countries.—Ed., NATION.]

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

SIR,—May a comment be allowed on the excellent article on the Reconstruction of Christianity in your current issue? With all respect to its doubtless authoritative source, I would suggest that in his closing paragraph the author vitiates his case, and is inconsistent with his main position.

The present-day repudiation of essential Christianity is certainly "worsened . . . by the wretched attempt to pretend that Jesus did not mean what he quite plainly said." But is it made better by suggesting that the alleged spiritual limitations of our nation are an adequate reason for setting a lower standard than that which the writer has apparently admitted, and to which many to-day still wish to adhere?

In making the perfectly valid point that Jesus must be taken as meaning what He said, must we not also remember that He taught His followers to "be perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect"—in other words, to live by the standard which Jesus Himself took, and not by the best possible to human limitations. The whole bearing of Christ's teaching is surely to establish an ethic higher than that with which the religious were content, and that not an interim-ethic, with all respect to many of our teachers in matters theological.

To turn from the highest, as so many have done to-day, is surely more worthy of condemnation than conscientiously to follow an Old Testament morality, believing it to be the best. When the Highest is accepted, there can be logically no turning from it, whether by reason of difficulty or expediency. When we have Jesus, why trouble about Lancelot? The latter was great, but not great enough. To be governed by the truth of our own limitation is surely to turn back on one who claimed to be Absolute Truth, and who is coming more and more to have for Christians the value of God Himself, since men are increasingly recognizing that in Him we see all we know, or need to know, of the Father.—Yours, &c.,

ERIC HAYMAN.

Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. July 14th, 1917.

A STATE ENDOWMENT OF VIVISECTION.

SIR,—Will you allow us, through the medium of your columns, to call attention to what appears to be a monstrous injustice?

Section 16 of the National Insurance Act, 1911, is concerned, as the marginal note indicates, with "Administration of Sanatorium Benefit," in order to provide moneys for which excellent purpose it is enacted that, besides 1s. 3d. in respect of each insured person "payable out of the funds out of which benefits are payable," there shall also be available "one penny in respect of each such person payable out of moneys provided by Parliament," and there is added the following proviso, viz., that "the Insurance Commissioners may retain the whole or any part of the sums so payable out of the moneys provided by Parliament to be applied in accordance with regulations made by the Commissioners for the purposes of research."

This proviso, as it now stands, was introduced on the "Report" Stage of the Bill. Many members strongly objected to it and put amendments on the Paper proposing either to omit it altogether or to limit its operation. One of such amendments (e.g.) was in the following terms: "Provided further that such research shall not include experiments under the Cruelty to Animals Act, 1876"; and we find, on reference to the records, that Sir John Rolleston, Sir George Greenwood, Major MacMicking, and Messrs. Chancellor, Alden, Noel Buxton, Black, Snowden, Lansbury, and Pointer had similar amendments down. Not one of these, however, was brought before the consideration of the House of Commons, for the Clause (then Clause 17) was carried without discussion, together with a number of other clauses, by the operation of the "guillotine" closure. (See "Hansard," November 30th, 1911, pp. 686-8.)

The effect of this is that the Medical Research Committee under the Act is empowered, with the sanction of the Insurance Commissioners, not only to authorize the performance of painful experiments upon living animals, but to provide for the cost of such experiments out of moneys taken from the general taxpayers of the country; and in the "Quarterly Journal of Experimental Physiology," issued March 26th, 1917, there is a record of a series of such experiments performed on over eighty dogs and cats, consisting of the cutting away of the thyroid and parathyroid glands, together with, in some cases, the severing of the sciatic nerve, &c., &c., the animals being kept under observation for long periods after recovering from the anæsthetic, until they either died or were at last destroyed. We wish space would allow us to quote the description given by

the experimenters of the sufferings of these miserable creatures, but we can only refer to the "Journal" in question, adding that these descriptions are terribly painful reading, and, further, that the experiments were paid for, in whole or in part, "out of moneys provided by Parliament."

Now, sir, it is a simple matter of fact that a very large number of persons in this country look upon such experiments with abhorrence, and condemn them as cruel, and, therefore, morally unjustifiable. Yet these persons, as taxpayers, are now compelled to pay for these experiments! By this section in the Act of 1911, carried under the "guillotine" without a word of discussion, the provision of funds for the performance of painful experiments upon animals is now, for the first time, put upon all the taxpayers of the country. If we were living under the régime of Potsdam this would not be a matter of surprise, but, as members of the British democracy, we wish to record our indignant protest against it. Apart from the question whether these painful experiments be right or wrong, it is, we submit, monstrous that those who abhor and condemn them should be compelled by law to pay for them.—Yours, &c.,

(Signed) GEORGE GREENWOOD.
H. G. CHANCELLOR.
NOEL BUXTON.
GILBERT McMICKING.
ARTHUR BLACK.
PHILIP SNOWDEN.

House of Commons. July 17th, 1917.

P.S.—Mr. Percy Alden is in the United States, and the other members mentioned are no longer in the House of Commons, or they would, doubtless, have added their names. We have not asked for other signatures.

TOO LATE!

SIR,—It is impossible not to regret that Mr. Bonar Law has given way on the question of the free list in theatres. As a consequence, the one opportunity the Government had to improve the condition of theatrical art in this country has been lost. Mr. Hemmerde told the Chancellor of the Exchequer that complimentary tickets were given "to students of the stage, young women who were not well off." But the number on a manager's free list must be counted by the thousand and not by the score, and the recipients of passes are mainly the dependents and employees of tradesmen who make their living out of the theatre. The distribution of this "paper" is usually controlled by the man who rents the theatre-bars, because he can most quickly and inexpensively place out the tickets among his customers. An extract from a leading article which appeared in the "Stage" on May 31st last, explains the professional use which is made of deadheads:—

"A manager does not resort to the deadheads pure and simple, except in the last resort. When he is in that dilemma a tax on the seats that he is compelled to give away is only adding to his trouble, particularly if, knowing the ways of deadheads, he has to pay the tax as well as to give away the seats."

This statement does not infer that the deadhead is a free agent, who goes to the theatre to enjoy himself. He is, in fact, under orders to "cheer the house" and to be lavish in his applause, apparently with the sole object of coercing public interest in what may be a poor play chosen to please the person who has found the money to run it! There is no freedom for art under such conditions.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM POEL.

5, Amersham Road, Putney, S.W. 15. July 18th, 1917.

Poetry.

"SIX MONTHS OLD."

I LIKE to sit in father's arms,
They carry me so high,
I watch the curtsies of the trees
As I pass by.
I like to lean from my high place,
And look far down below
Upon the lawn with sunlight squares
Where daisies grow.
I like to hold the lilac's hands,
And shake them up and down,
And hear the queer noise that they make
Like mother's gown.
And very much I like to pull
The curtains on their rings,
And, when my father does not see,
To taste these things.
For all of them are wonderful,
And all of them are bright,
But most I like my mother's arms
By candlelight.

AUSTIN PRIESTMAN.

THE INVESTMENT. 5% EXCHEQUER BONDS.



TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE in the British Isles desire an investment where their money is absolutely secure and which will ultimately be paid back to them pound for pound in cash, while they get a dividend of 5% per annum. Such an opportunity is presented to them in

5% EXCHEQUER BONDS.

The Government *guarantees* to repay, pound for pound, in 1919 or 1922, as the investor prefers, any amount invested in 5% Exchequer Bonds, and further will pay interest every six months at the rate of 5% per annum on the amount invested. Could any investment be more secure, or worthy of respect? Should you, at any time, desire to realise the Bonds, a banker, or any member of the Stock Exchange, will arrange the matter for you, or if you buy it through the Post Office, the Post Office will do it for you.

TO HOLDERS OF FOREIGN SECURITIES.

HAVE you examined your List of Foreign Securities to see whether you can help your country by selling some of them and thus be able to invest in 5% Exchequer Bonds?

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- "My Reminiscences." By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

WHEN the world is in the melting pot and a few disinterested friends of "that sweet enemy," man, are sitting round it, anxiously speculating whether the fire under the pot be one of life or death, it is by no means a fond exercise to fly the mind at Utopia. So far am I from condemning such Alpinists as impractical dreamers, worthy nothing but the ribaldry of a nation of shopkeepers, that I would roundly declare no man worth his salt who has not at one time and other run the keel of his desire upon some Nephelococcygia, some Island of Repose, where it is always afternoon, and where, as the Chinese poet has it, the bright vestments of happy men and women are like a bed of tulips in the sun. If indeed reality and the power of individual initiative in creating and approaching it be not illusion and the Absolute not an indifferent balloon floating in the ether of hallucination, then, let us set to work making Utopias as fast as a bureaucracy can breed coercion. And if there be a grain of truth in what William James says:—

"Conscious selection creates the known world in precisely the same sense in which natural selection creates the species. Each of us literally chooses, by his ways of attending on things, what sort of a universe he shall appear to himself to inhabit."

Then let us not be too fearful of welcoming the visionary ship of Sir Patrick Spens or the Prince of Abyssinia, when it furls its sails of cramosie and casts anchor in the bay of Practical Politics. "An ideal," says Mr. Conrad, "is often but a flaming vision of reality." For no more than man can live by war-bread alone, can he do without his Utopias. I do not believe that the gifted among men only create them out of the same impulse that sends a factory girl to the Lyceum—from weariness of the actual and disgust and despair at the present. In times of bad government, men's thoughts are full of death and immortality. He is a prisoner in this dungeon of a world and death his accomplice, who will dupe de Ramée and introduce the tart, the rope, and the knife. But Utopia is not a religious faith; it is the geographical name not of a heavenly but an earthly Paradise; it is something that man can do, not something that will be done to him. It sounds an abstraction, but it is the logic of evolution.

EUROPEAN literature, of course, is a pantechnicon of Utopias, from the country of the Romant of the Rose to Erewhon. He would be a bold man and the citizen of a land without paper restriction to enumerate and classify them. Some of them are merely Constitution-fodder for the designs of political science; some, like the Newfoundlands of Swift and Aristophanes, the foils of satire; some, the log-books of real endeavor and real countries, such as the frustration of Coleridge, the Pantisocrats and the banks of the Sesquehanna; some, like Mr. Yeats's "Land of Heart's Desire," just cloudy symbols of a high romance; others, like El Dorado, Utopia, Thelema, and New Atlantis, the discoveries of genuine literary Odysseys. I must leave them all at the small end of the telescope, except,

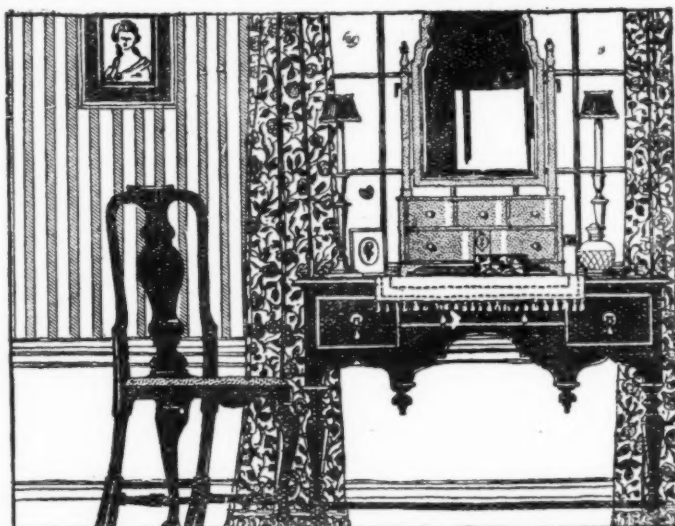
in passing, to register my abomination of Bacon's "New Atlantis," which is exactly what the worst and most imaginative enemy of the Fabian ideal would conceive of it, in a particularly acrid moment. Neither, I imagine, would More's "Utopia" be completely repulsive to a mild reactionary. In the midst of a not quite sincere jeremiad, he would find points about it, he would see bits of cement in his mind's eye, with which to build a strong Government and secure society from the wolves. . . .

BUT the Utopia I have in mind is Morris's "News from Nowhere." I have an obscure impression that Morris is regarded nowadays as a back number. Good Utopias, why? Take him for all in all, what a man he was! The astounding breadth of his genius, his taste as broad and as true as "ten thousand beaves of pasture," the purity and even elegance of his style (I am speaking of his prose), the penetration and sincerity, the fine ferocity! I shall never forget the thrill with which I read in "Architecture, Industry, and Wealth" of the rich men's houses in Bourne-mouth as being "simply blackguardly." But the glorious old Viking was more than that. He had the root of the matter in him. He it was who led the crusade against the business man, who really revealed Commerce to men as the implacable enemy of art and fine living. What our modern world owes to him is beyond estimate. The most advanced, the most intellectual Socialism of our day has only learned half the lesson that he taught. How many of these thinkers bother about art in their programmes of construction? But Morris saw not only that the democracy of men was correlative with the democracy of art, but that the one was a mere play of fancy without the other. With his simple formula of work that was worth while, work that was a pleasure to do, work that was adapted to the trained natural faculties, and work that was neither over-anxious nor over-wearisome, he literally was the Moses of our countrymen, guiding them into sight of the Promised Land, with only themselves to blame if they chose to wander another forty years in the wilderness.

"What other blessings are there in life," he said, "save these two, fearless rest and hopeful work? . . . To have space and freedom to gain such rest and such work is the end of politics; to learn how best to gain it is the end of education; to learn its inmost meaning is the end of religion."

Ruskin, who always seems to me to talk as if he were addressing a young ladies' seminary, has, I suppose, over-topped Morris's reputation. But Morris was worth a score of Ruskins.

"NEWS FROM NOWHERE" is not, of course, a work of supreme imagination. It has no humor and no characterization; it is not draped in the many colored scarves of a lofty, romantic vision; it is conceived on a minute scale and in a very humble way; it is even rather gawky, Pre-Raphaelitish and naïve. But it has two pre-eminent virtues. It stretches human possibilities about as far as they will go, without demanding more of men than rational, human, and decent behavior. Morris, like Rabelais, was a whole-hogger, and he does not hesitate, as a good Utopian should not, to apply the "Fais ce que voudras" ideal to a condition of practical and absolute communism. And, secondly, he will have nothing to do with Pegasus and the hobby-horse with a screw of Don Quixote and "The Squire's Tale." He does not, that is to say, transport you through the air to some cloud-cuckoo-land of an exuberant fancy. On the contrary, he trots you there on a sound English jennet. He does not leave England or even London, and William Guest wakes up in Hammersmith, perhaps thirty or forty yards from Morris's own house. And he is no cosmical expert; he preserves the continuity of time, and describes the episodes and development of the "Great Change" in a couple of extraordinarily vivid and eager chapters. That is why Morris's "Utopia" ought to hold the popular imagination more than all the others. Great literary qualities it does not possess, but there is something acutely moving and appealing in the every-dayishness of the conception, the wealth of concrete detail. Equality goes rowing up the Thames, and Liberty comes striding to meet it across the hayfield. Utopia is no remote Bermudas set in some translunary sea, but over the top of the next hill. It is romantic, but it is not a chimera.



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Reviews.

A PRIEST.

"Arthur Stanton: A Memoir." By the Right Hon. G. W. E. RUSSELL. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL has written a fascinating life of one of the few personalities whom the English Church possessed in the nineteenth century. Father Stanton was an extraordinary blend of character. Preacher and perpetual curate, rebel, fighter, humorist, contemptuous of the Establishment, of smugness, of success, his life was one long warfare against temporal and spiritual powers. Hated as a "ritualist," and preaching simple evangelical teaching in mission services; loved as a man, shocking the sensibilities of many worthy persons, he carried on a work full of individuality. Mr. Russell is wholeheartedly on the side of his friend, and very contemptuous of his persecutors; and the story of these ancient controversies, alike dusty and absurd, makes part humorous, part pitiful reading. Of far more permanent value are the letters here embodied, showing insight and interest and self-revelation, and the record of a ministry set in the heart of a slum district in the great welter of London, which in many respects was unique in its day and generation.

Stanton came of a Gloucestershire Liberal family. Liberal he remained to the end. His Liberalism was not mere wilfulness. It was stimulated by a passionate love of liberty, for its own sake, as itself an end, and of sympathy with the "under dog." Stanton was always on the side of the undeserving poor. He was fond of expressing his politics in a phrase borrowed from Lacordaire. "I know no Liberalism except that which I have sucked from the breast of the Gospels." His hatred of the Establishment was sometimes interpreted as a mere wayward revolt against a Church whose laws he refused to obey. Something of this revolt was indeed present. He would have rebelled against all rigid orders and limitations. "Should I have done any better, in your Church?" he asked Father Duggan; to which the reply was, "well, if you ask me, I don't think you could have been a success in any Church where obedience is required." "And," adds Stanton, "I don't think he was wrong." "They'd have sacked you in a month," was the genial verdict of a fellow curate. The prolonged and, as it seemed to him, wanton and cruel persecution of St. Alban's for its "ritualism," which he was convinced was legal—much of which has since been proved to be legal—undoubtedly embittered his relation to the Establishment. "We have attacked no one," is his continual plea. "They have attacked us. We defend ourselves, for self-defence is a principle of liberty and life. Religious controversy is to be deplored, but we are not responsible."

But, over and beyond this, the whole atmosphere and temper of an Established Church filled him with loathing. Like Dolling, he went out of his way to shock and scandalize its sensibilities: to outrage, to wound, to alarm. Like Dolling, also, his sense of humor led him into the use of language which saddened the leaders of his own party, who followed up his pronounced utterances with letters of remonstrance and protest. Like Dolling, also, he suffered from the heavy hitting back of the great dead machine. For a religion to excite enmity, must be alive. "Mention Church and State to me," he said at the beginning, "and it is like shaking a red cloth before a bull." "I can't think of the Anglican Establishment as your Vicar does," he wrote to another, "for to me the whole thing seems a religious get-up for the well-to-do." "I said at a meeting last night," he joyfully proclaims, "that if Mr. Mackonochie's suspension did anything to kick over that foul rook's nest, the Establishment, I thanked God for it: and they cheered right well." "Russell preached a beautiful testimony last Lord's Day night," he testifies. "He called the Established Church a dunghill, which was the word with power, wasn't it?" "If turned out I shall live among my roughs, and do some real servile work. I am quite tired of being the gentleman and clergyman." In this earlier fight he found an ally in unexpected quarters:—

"The growth of zeal within the State Church," wrote

John Bright to him in 1869, "is fatal to its existence as a political institution. . . . I recollect the morning at your father's house at Stroud. My dear friend Mr. Cobden was writing a letter, and I read him the famous article in the 'Times' announcing the doom of the wicked Corn Law. We sought industrial freedom—you seek ecclesiastical freedom. I wish you may find it, but I think it cannot be found within the borders of a State Church Establishment."

Later, however, he grew sick of this perpetual controversy and persecution. He was compelled to acknowledge that it would be unfair to Catholicize an English Established Church. "Were we able to Catholicize the Establishment," he confesses, "we should commit a political and social wrong in a Protestant country like England." But for himself, he is tired of the struggle of a generation. "Old Suckling," he writes in the last "Ritual" controversy, "seems to go in for what he calls in his letter a 'Conflict,' whatever that may mean. I don't know what I should do if I were a young man. As it is—I've had enough." Yet to the end he would have endorsed his earlier resolution: "Please God, they shall never make us either cowards or Protestants." And at the end also he is lamenting the lost opportunity of the Church in its fight against Welsh Disestablishment. "I am getting too near the river," he wrote, "to mind the dust and ashes of controversy. What you say about the Protestant Church in Ireland is very true. It is a dreary outlook—but I don't think they are unbelieving in the foundations of faith. Are we not here as Protestant, and more unbelieving? If the Welsh Establishment had only been Catholic, it would have a splendid opportunity now, and in ten years would have more than they can take away. But Christ is All-in-All—that's the supreme consolation." "Don't teach your people to be Church-of-England," was his advice to young men. "Teach them to love the Lord Jesus Christ."

Although situated at the very storm-centre of the attack on "Ritualism," he represented the exact antithesis of the figure of the "Ritualistic Curate" as depicted in "Punch" and the popular literature of the time. There was nothing intolerant about him, nothing "spiky" or flabby. He made friends with all classes and creeds, especially with the criminal classes and the very poor. As a preacher, he acknowledged his chief indebtedness to Spurgeon and Parker, and was on terms of intimate friendship with leading Nonconformists. He shocked the "unco' guid" by speaking in favor of Peace, in Hyde Park, on the same platform as Bradlaugh, when the very name of Bradlaugh was a thing accursed.

"I hate war on principle," he wrote, "and war with Russia I should now consider crime. . . . Many of my friends were scandalized at my appearing with Bradlaugh in the interests of Peace: but I would stand on the same platform with the Devil, if the Devil would advocate Peace: and the working man asked me to come and speak from the Gospel side. How could I refuse, and allow Peace to be proclaimed by an infidel?"

Nor did he take too seriously the external apparatus of religion. "Last evening, at —, we had sixty candles on the altar," boasted one enthusiastic neophyte. "Oh," said Stanton, "that is nothing to us. We have a clergyman that takes snuff." Mr. Kensit once visited him to "snatch a brand from the burning." He brought with him a roll containing drawings of various instruments of penance—"disciplines," chains, hair-shirts, and the like. "These," he said, "are the devices by which the miserable priests seek to enslave silly women." Stanton examined the roll for a minute or two; then looking up at Mr. Kensit, asked, with much earnestness: "Where can I buy them? They are the very things for our ladies. Would do them a world of good."

But his Liberalism offended as much as his ritualism; especially his absence from cant and his refusal to set the upper classes to "improve" the poor. He openly defended the public-house. He wanted "bright cafés and singing and dancing and real amusements." The Men's Club at St. Alban's was widely different from the ordinary parochial machinery. He provided beer and spirits, cards, liberty, and self-government for a working-class club similar to that of a club in Pall Mall or Piccadilly. "No religious element is to be found in it," he boasted; "no religious newspaper allowed. Neither do we allow Education Classes, or Mutual Improvement Classes. It is strictly a club, and not a trap to convert or educate, and all the government is entirely in the hands of the members themselves." Yet, though his

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help and assistance was sought by men of all stations in life, and especially by those in calamity, his heart was always with the semi-criminal boys of his own parish, over whom he exercised an astonishing influence. He tells a jolly story of a Good Friday, on which he lured a number of these cheery hoodlums to Church by a bribe of hot cross buns and milk. "The good sisters said, 'Oh, look at those rough lads. That's Father Stanton's influence.' It wasn't my influence at all. It was the influence of the buns and milk." At the end of the service, they sang lustily a hymn, ending "Oh, I will follow Thee, through the deep shades of life to the goal." "They all sang the last word as 'gaol'—and, upon my word, before the next Good Friday, every one of 'em had been in it."

And behind all the controversies and commotions, which occupied so large a place in the ecclesiastical history of the century, lay years of continuous service, which will stand forth, triumphant and secure, when the whole story of the "Ritualistic Movement" has become incredible and forgotten. Stanton was a lover and a savior of souls. He fought for the redemption of the individual with all the passion of the old evangelical preacher. He fought against sin as he saw it, in the darker regions of the life of the great city. He preached conversion, salvation. Behind the unfailing humor, the love of life and of all living things, the good comradeship with men of all classes, especially the criminal and the poor, was this flaming desire to restore. He was endowed with rich gifts. He possessed an extraordinarily handsome bodily presence, and a special charm and grace of manner. He was a natural orator, and by deliberate study and effort became one of the preachers of his generation. The sensitiveness which made him a great orator and a genial humorist and a fascinating friend, filled him also with recurrent moods of deep depression, in which he descended into the abysses and waste places of the soul. "He was by temperament," says his biographer, "liable to very dark moods. Like most people whose spirits are, in cheerful circumstances, abnormally high, he often gave way to exaggerated gloom. At these times he would sit for long spaces, in a moody silence, chewing the cud of very bitter fancies. His overburdened spirit would find vent in indictments of things as they are, both in Church and in State; and as regards himself, he would protest with vehemence that his whole life had been a mistake and his ministry a failure." But towards the end—although offer of "promotion" adequate to his talent and influence was always denied him—there came a more general recognition of his unique position and service. And this recognition came in the form he could most appreciate—not acknowledgment of his services to a Church or Party, or that of a Social Prophet and Reformer: but just the testimony of men especially, drawn from all classes, of the profound influence which he had exercised upon their inner spiritual lives. At the last, his body was carried across London in procession full of mourning and of triumph, attended by vast crowds of the poor. The man who had been fifty years a curate and forbidden to preach to the soldiers, was borne to the grave amid a tribute which no archbishop has received. For the faith remained undimmed to the last which had sustained him through all the effort of his days. He had maintained the ideal which he had defined for another. "Be a true Priest," he had written. "May the Life of Christ be your life, and may the prayers of the Saints help you, and the guardianship of Angels keep you. The Purity of our Blessed Lady be between you and all temptations, and the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost your Everlasting Reward."

A GOVERNOR.

"Diaz." By DAVID HANNAY. "Makers of the Nineteenth Century." (Constable. 6s. net.)

It is possible, and we feel that it would be only just, to say many complimentary things about Mr. Hannay's book. An unusual amount of knowledge and conscientiousness has gone to the making of it. It has a good subject and an interested author, and the combination ought to produce everything that even the most exacting reader can desire. Yet the book is tantalizing rather than satisfying. The

life and political career of Don Porfirio Diaz remind one of those mysterious stars which emerge twinkling out of the nothingness and darkness of the sky, grow steadily into a blazing, magnificent star of the first magnitude, and then, after the briefest interval, fade out again into nothingness and darkness. Unfortunately, that is still the impression which we have of Diaz after reading Mr. Hannay's book. It gives an excellent account of the political conditions of Mexico during the last hundred years, and of the facts and incidents in the life of Diaz. Yet it fails conspicuously to make of Diaz himself anything but a brilliant shadow, a momentary political phenomenon in a far-off Spanish-American republic.

And yet it is, perhaps, churlish to complain, for the book as it stands raises so many questions of interest and importance. There is, first, the question about which Mr. Hannay has a great deal to say: where exactly does Diaz stand in the firmament of Statesmanship? Was he a star of the first magnitude, or was he after all nothing but a mock sun? We cannot doubt that, in the main, Mr. Hannay's answer, which is steadily poised between the extremes of depreciation and enthusiasm, is the true one. The contrasts of Don Porfirio's career inevitably encouraged his adherents and his opponents in their extremes. He became President of Mexico when the whole country was in a state of unconcealed and unconcealable anarchy. For thirty years he governed the country, and to the outside world appeared to have created a strong edifice of order and government, the essential conditions of prosperity. And then in a moment everything which he had built up crumbled away, and Mexico relapsed into the same or even worse anarchy and desolation than that from which Diaz had so laboriously reclaimed her. "A statesman," says Mr. Hannay, "is a ruler who does leave something done for ever, and something not merely material, not only roads or bricks and mortar." Judged by that standard, Don Porfirio's political stature falls a long way short of statesmanship. In this sense, he was not a statesman; he, at least, never "laid great bases for eternity." He was, in fact, that rather rare phenomenon for which so many shortsighted people are always clamoring in politics, a strong, practical man. The first part of his life, by its adventures and his methods of extricating himself from them, showed him to be the kind of man who is a hero in the old boys'-books by G. A. Henty or Manville Fenn, a resourceful and capable soldier, who sees at once the practical difficulties and the means of extricating himself from them. These are rare, and by no means insignificant, gifts. He carried them with him into the sphere of Government, which unfortunately, is a sphere very different from that of a boy's story book. He found Mexico in a state of lawless disorder, ruled by individual force, commercially and industrially undeveloped. He applied to these diseases all the remedies of a practical man and a "strong government." He prescribed for lawlessness police, for undevelopment capital and railways, for a high death-rate sanitation. And he was the typically strong man necessary for strong government. What he achieved, even though it had no permanence at all, was very much; yet it showed the complete failure of merely strong, practical government to achieve anything but an illusory appearance of prosperity and order upon a soil peculiarly favorable for its success. For it is backward and chaotic conditions like those of Mexico, for which we are always assured that "strong government" and practical men are absolutely necessary. Well, here we have, to quote Mr. Hannay, "the sincere effort of a strong-willed and clear-headed man to cure a chronic anarchy, by police repression, by the spread of mere school education, and by the development of material prosperity." And the effort failed hopelessly and entirely, and the strong government of President Diaz has been replaced by the different but equally strong government of men like Villa and Caranza and Zapata.

It may, of course, be argued, and Mr. Hannay sometimes seems to be half-inclined to assume, that no government and no statesman could succeed in the conditions with which Diaz had to contend. The argument is not one which can actually be disproved, but we believe that this book itself contains much which goes to show that it is false. If Diaz had been in any sense a statesman, if he had any conception of laying "great bases for eternity," something



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at least would have remained of his work. If he had not had the fatal eagerness of the practical man always to be "doing something," to see something tangible realize itself quickly before his eyes, and if he had had any larger imagination or more intricate ideals than those concerned with a police force, a surplus, the building of railways, and the exploitation of mines, he would not have made those mistakes which eventually brought ruin both upon himself and his country, and he might have understood and therefore have fashioned to some better purpose, the human material which he governed. His work would for the moment have been less showy, less obviously the progress which appeals to Wall Street; but it would have had the greater permanence, and a stability which might even have extended to Mexican stocks and shares. This conjecture receives support from the story which Mr. Hannay has to tell of Diaz's actions with regard to the Indians. It is a sickening story of the abandonment of human beings to the merciless exploitation of money-making. There is no evidence, as Mr. Hannay remarks, that Diaz even wished to raise the moral and intellectual level of the Indian population. And as long as that is the attitude of a government, it is a farce to pretend that its failures are due to the defects of the governed. The failure of Diaz was due to the fact that his government, being without ideals, never attempted to base itself upon or to appeal to what was best in the human beings which it governed. He made the mistake, so common among strong practical men, of failing to see how responsive men—even Mexican Indians—are, and that they quickly develop those qualities which your treatment of them shows that you expect them to possess.

ODDMENTS IN BIOLOGY.

"Studies in Insect Life, and Other Essays." By ARTHUR EVERETT SHIPLEY, Sc.D., F.R.S. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE is some pleasant reading in this sheaf of out-of-school excursions by the Master of Christ's College. There are eleven chapters, and only four of the slightest of them deal with insects. There are three on the life of the deep sea, one on zoology in the time of Shakespeare, another on the revival of science in the seventeenth century, one on hate, and a paper on grouse disease read as an evening lecture before the Royal Institution.

The last-named is by far the most valuable. It gives a description of the many grouse diseases and parasites, that will be useful to the guardian of any moor, and introduce less interested readers to a large and difficult field of wild pathology. Dr. Shipley is compelled by the facts to treat most of the apparent grouse ailments as the result, and not the cause, of sickness. The first cause is still to seek, and the cure of grouse disease is to be sought in the promotion of health and stamina to resist the inevitable onslaught of such ineradicable organisms as *coccidium* and *trichostrongylus*. The former seems to bear not a little affinity to the *microsporidiosis* that has nearly wiped out our bees, and which is being fought by the study of sturdy and prolific strains. This brief and unexaggerated account of the grouse's several parasites each open to the suspicion of cultivating and carrying lesser and more deadly organisms, makes us wonder whether our only British bird is marked by inscrutable Nemesis for extinction.

It is not to be expected that we should be told all about the honey-bee in thirty pages. We have never before seen the number of spermatozoa that the queen takes from the drone put so high as 200,000,000. A tenth of that sum is as high as even an American authority has hitherto ventured, and four millions would seem to be the safest estimate. The illustrations in this section are very good, though we are not familiar with the authority (Casteel) from which they are taken. We agree with the rejection of the auricle on the hind leg of the bee as the instrument with which the wax-plates are handled, moved from the pockets to the mandibles by the bee, and it seems far more feasible to suppose that Casteel is right in showing the plate to be handled by the planta (*tarsus*). The text is quite silent on the point, and a single figure is the only evidence offered for this new fact. Possibly Dr. Shipley does not know at first hand a great deal

about bees. The article on the bombus contains nothing that is not in Mr. F. L. Sladen's book, and what it does extract from that source is not used with great discrimination.

There is something of the flavor of the elder Disraeli in Dr. Shipley's more literary articles, such as that on Shakespeare's zoology. The meal he gives is appetizing rather than satisfying, for here is one of the most promising of the many inquiries concerning Shakespeare. As a country gentleman he was well acquainted with such natural history as belongs to sport. As this is necessarily subject to the test of daily experiment, it was exactly known long before what we may call the uneconomic zoology with which naturalists concern themselves to-day. "The fact that Hero refers to the lapwing," says Dr. Shipley, "is no proof that Shakespeare was a trained ornithologist. Yet, 'like a lapwing, runs close by the ground,' was not taken from an Elizabethan book, and he was somewhat of an ornithologist who stored the picture in his memory and made such good use of it. It is in the use he makes of falconry terms that Shakespeare proves himself a first-rate sportsman-naturalist. He shows himself head and shoulders above even our generation when he refers to 'the soft and tender fork of a poor worm,' meaning the forked tongue of the snake that very many educated people, even now, imagine to be deadly fangs.

In the article on sea fisheries, the assertion that the taking of immature fish is not uneconomic rests on the rather free assumption that the adult stock is not also taken or diminished. The fact that whitebait fetches more in the market than sprats or herrings really has no bearing. The very close fishing of the North Sea could scarcely be better shown than by the facts here given about the recapture of marked fish. Although many of these must perish by more natural means and others lose their labels, no fewer than 30 to 40 per cent. are recovered. "It would seem," comments Dr. Shipley, "that each square yard of the fishing-grounds is swept by the trawl not once but again and again each year." That is, of course, an over-statement, but it must be a rare fish that does not find itself very near the trawl a good many times in the course of a short lifetime.

There is a curious identity between two of the papers, running to a page or two of the same words, including such quotations as: "Great grey level plain of ooze," and "Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are." White sea-snakes (if there be any) are not the only denizens of these deeps. The imaginary spectator on the floor of the Atlantic has new problems in biology to wonder at. Why are some abysmal forms coal black, others illumined like glow-worms, others brilliantly colored? The last seems the greatest wonder. At a depth of a thousand fathoms all light from the sun ceases, yet there are creatures in the eternal Cimmerian cold that could flaunt the sunshine like painted butterflies or jewelled humming-birds. Such marvels are well calculated to excite the admiration of a Master of Christ's College when he reads the account of the voyage of the "Michael Sars." The source of his inspiration, however, is necessarily richer than the passing commentary in this book of "Studies in Insect Life."

AMARANTH AND MOLY.

"Nocturne." By FRANK SWINNERTON. (Secker. 5s. net.)
 "The Maid with Wings." By E. B. OSBORN. (Lane. 5s. net.)
 "Jerry of the Islands." By JACK LONDON. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

It would be too bad to take this novel of Mr. Swinnerton's as a narcotic. But the emphasis here is on the novel, not on Mr. Swinnerton, whose passion for abstract speculation and psychological analysis in the past had made us less drowsy, if the style of them had managed to shake us up more and rap us on the knuckles. But he would stare so interminably at the secret and complex motives of his characters that there swam before his vision those little dark spots which the doctors diagnose as the self-expression of the liver. And those spots, magnified and diluted into a kind of haze, did unfortunately get reproduced on paper. Mr. Swinnerton must not take this as a criticism *à la* Blackwood, for, after all, you might say the same of a good many portions of Victor Hugo, for instance. At any rate, "Nocturne" is better, chiefly, we imagine, because the author has bowed the knee to the unities. Not the most

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exacting classicist but must pay just dues to the action of "Nocturne." It begins about six o'clock in the evening, and it is all over by one o'clock in the morning. And this economy of perspective, combined with the treatment of an extremely small population of characters (there are only five of them) is of good service to Mr. Swinnerton in condensing, stiffening, and dramatizing his material. These characters are Pa Blanchard, his two daughters, Emmy of a domestic and Jenny of a high-spirited, romantic mind, half-free from the dead hand of orthodox conduct, and so still struggling to be free, and their two lovers. The novel reminds one of a level field, whose interest is its dotted clumps of trees, for its smooth surface is broken up here and there by little centres of agitation and crisis—such as the two colloquies of the girls with their lovers, and their discovery when they come back late at night of Pa Blanchard's (he is a paralytic) accident. It is a pity that Jenny (whose name somehow forces her into the mould of an ill-conceived type rather than serves her personality) comes into the area of the footlights in her over-long interview with her lover, Keith, because that of Emmy with Alf Rylett, to which only a few pages are allotted is admirably executed. But the best thing and the only really significant thing in it is the figure of doting, musing, shadowy old Pa Blanchard. Mr. Swinnerton has kept the floods of exposition away from him, and well does he repay being left to himself. He is a happy sketch, and does Mr. Swinnerton far more credit than his microscopic method of examining souls.

These little skirmishes, foragings, and reconnoitrings of Mr. Osborn, some of them reprinted from the "Morning Post," are called "fantasies." They are, in fact, satirical studies, thrown, for the better convenience of detachment, into the form of fable, dialogue, or romance. Now, the curious thing is that, had we known these "fantasies" were articles contributed to a newspaper, but not known that that newspaper was the "Morning Post," we should have guessed it. And that not because there are sign-posts of subject-matter stuck all over the pages. The allusions to peace-lovers (not pacifists, mind), free-traders, Radicals, and such malodorous spawn are not so obvious and trenchant that we should have suspected them of being leading articles of that journal of enlightened opinion. Mr. Osborn is far too clever for that. Whatever he is, he is not crude or unpolished or emphatic with the blatancy of badly educated writers. On the contrary, he is a nimble and dexterous fencer, and knows how to put the power of literary knowledge behind a thrust. No, it is the total lack of any scope of treatment or breadth of feeling in his method that gives him away. You may say that this human and philosophic basis is so rare nowadays that to condemn Mr. Osborn for it is to complain of daisies because they are not marguerites. But remember that Mr. Osborn sets out to write satire, and to write satire without wisdom and tolerance for humanity, without a generic purpose, without a passion for truth, is simply to write nothing at all. And to write satire from a kind of generalized, representative attitude of the "Morning Post" is to write less than nothing.

Mr. Osborn must not be offended if we prefer Jack London to him. We concede him the greater ability, finish, and capacity to make an effective use of literary symbols. We must even load the scales still weightier by heaving into them the massive rocks of Jack London's uncouthness, his superfluities and mannerisms, his Buffalo Bill style, and excruciating sentimentalism. But he has, or rather had—and the world is the poorer for his death—what Mr. Osborn may perhaps be superciliously glad to be without—a charmingly robust sympathy for life and the creatures of life. He had the true heartiness, the genuine abandon, the rich good nature of a simple man incapable of cant, partly because he was too good, and partly too stupid for it. That, more than his muscular way of jumbling the pieces of an attractive story together, is the power of Jack London, and that is what makes him immeasurably superior to the pretentious masculinity of Mr. W. J. Locke and his liqueur brandy school. "Jerry" is an Irish terrier, adventuring among the cannibal islanders of the Solomons. And it is not only a thoroughly readable story and obviously founded upon experience and observation, but in its queer, bearish. Ho, ho! and a bottle of rum manner, penetrating and imaginative.

The Week in the City.

THE shortage of cotton and wool and the institution of Government control are beginning to threaten short time in the staple industries of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and it is feared that a good deal of discontent is brewing among the working classes. Most of our other industries are still working at high pressure, and brewing has received a special stimulus from the more-beer policy, as a result of which brewery shares have been improving. Gilt-edged securities have kept firm, and money has been plentiful at fairly low rates. The rise of Consols above 56 can only be explained by a belief that peace is drawing near. The chief financial feature of the week has been the demoralization of the rouble exchange, which, in consequence of Wednesday's bad news from Petrograd, rose to a new high record of 223½, as against 94 roubles to the ten-pound note before the war. In the Foreign Market, Russian bonds declined in sympathy. Another low level occurred on Wednesday in German Threes, one of the bonds selling at 28. But this was an exceptional case, as the coupons were missing. Bonds with coupons attached sold at 48, which shows that German credit is not yet despaired of. A useful table appeared on Wednesday in the City columns of the "Morning Post," showing the value of pounds, francs, marks, and crowns since the beginning of the war, in Dutch currency on the Amsterdam market. Pounds have fallen from 12.1 to 11.5, francs from 48.1 to 42.3, marks from 59.1 to 35, after being as low as 32 last month, and, finally, Austrian crowns from 50.1 to 20.8. Money is fairly cheap. Thursday's Bank return showed no very important change.

THE RISE IN BRAZILIAN BONDS.

Statements by the Brazilian Government that specie payments would be resumed on the date specified in the funding scheme of 1914 have produced a strong upward movement in Brazilian Government securities during the past few months, and the announcement made on Saturday last in regard to interest payment which omitted the usual statement that the payment due on August 1st would be made in funding bonds justifies the confidence which investors have shown. The following table shows how the leading loans of the Brazilian Government have risen:—

Name.	Issue Price.	Amount Outstanding.	Price July 27, 1914.	Price July 17, 1917.	Lowest Price July 17, 1917.	Rise
Brazilian 4½ p.c. 1883	89	2,713,100	82	53	66	13
" 4½ p.c. 1888	97	4,173,100	83	54	66	12
" 4 p.c. 1889	90	17,468,300	70	48	60	12
" 5 p.c. 1895	85	6,925,900	86½	64½	76	11½
" 5 p.c. 1903	90 & 97	7,598,100	94	77	87	10
" 5 p.c. 1906	96	1,539,400	94	64	76	12
" 4 p.c. 1910	87½	9,767,500	66	48½	61	12½
" 4 p.c. 1911	92	4,042,900	80	51	64	13
" 5 p.c. 1913	97	11,000,000	80½	61½	72½	10½
5 p.c. Funding Bonds, 1914 ...	—	5,991,657	—	72	82½	10½

The sinking fund for the redemption of the various Loans under the Funding Scheme of 1914 was suspended for thirteen years until 1927, and no announcement has yet been made as to whether the improved condition of Brazilian finances will warrant a resumption of the Sinking Fund for redemption purposes before that year.

ENGLISH SEWING COTTON.

In spite of the present inflation of cotton prices and uncertainty as to the outlook in the cotton trade, the directors of the English Sewing Cotton Company have sufficient confidence in the strength of the company's position to make a higher distribution, although smaller net profits were earned. A year ago, net profits jumped from £195,300 to £423,200, and the distribution to Ordinary shareholders was raised from 13 to 18 per cent. The profits for the year ended March 31st last amounted to £403,900, or £19,300 less, but the balance brought in was £53,200 higher, so that the balance available for dividends, &c., was £578,000, as compared with £544,000. The Preference dividend absorbed £50,000. The Ordinary dividend was maintained at 12 per cent., but the bonus was raised from 6 to 8 per cent., making the total distribution 20 per cent., as compared with 18 per cent. for the previous year. A sum of £150,000 was set aside as reserve for "stock contingencies," in view of the exceptional prices ruling for cotton, and £178,000 was carried forward.

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